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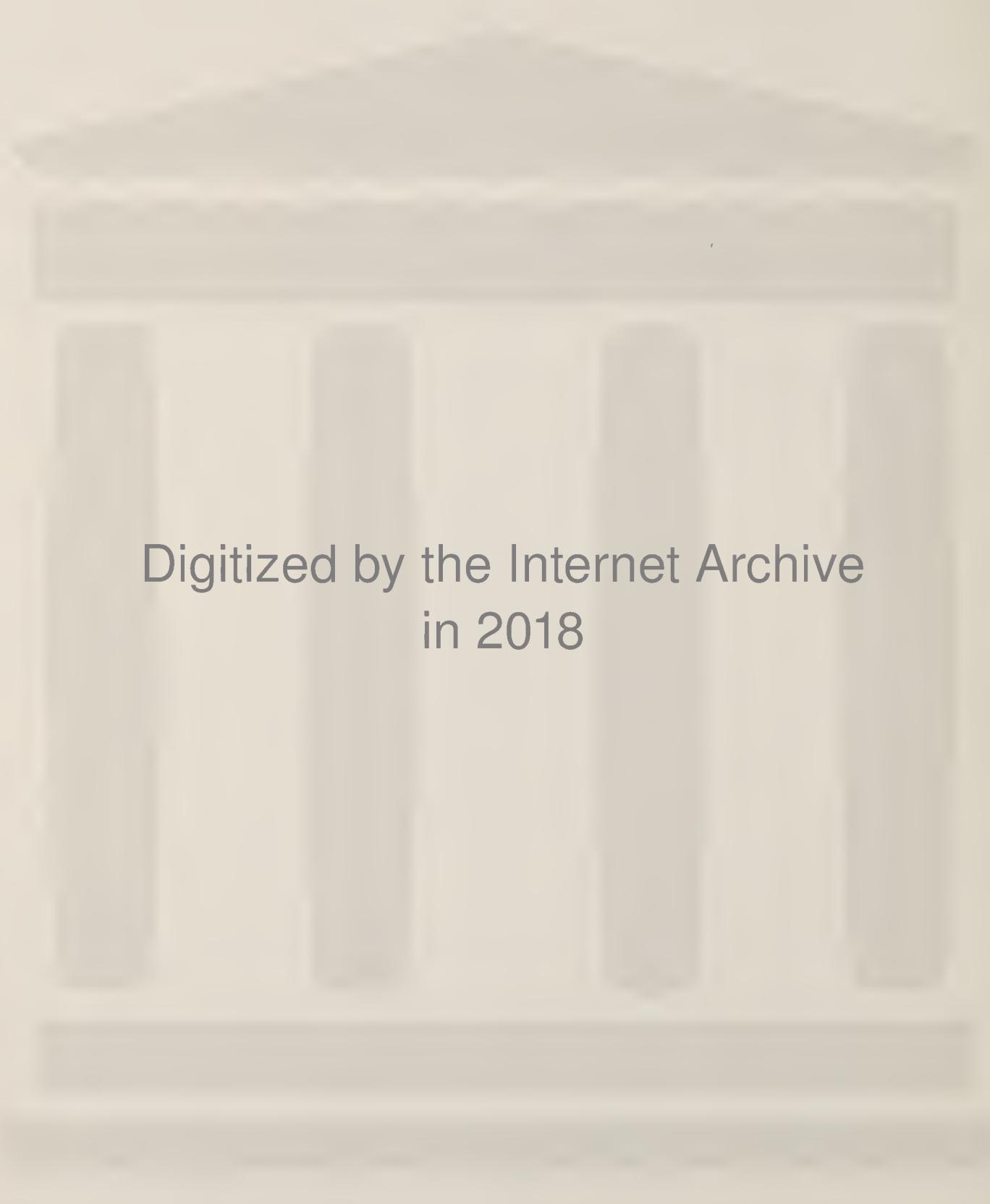
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THE
GREER, ELLIOT, SABIN, AND JEROME
ANCESTRY
OF
MARY ELLIOT GREER BELL
AND OF
SARAH GREER SLATER
REV. JEROME GREER
VESTA GREER PEEKE
JOHN KINGSLEY GREER
FRANK SABIN GREER
AND THEIR DESCENDENTS

COMPILED BY
OLIVE BELL DANIELS
Olive Bell Daniels

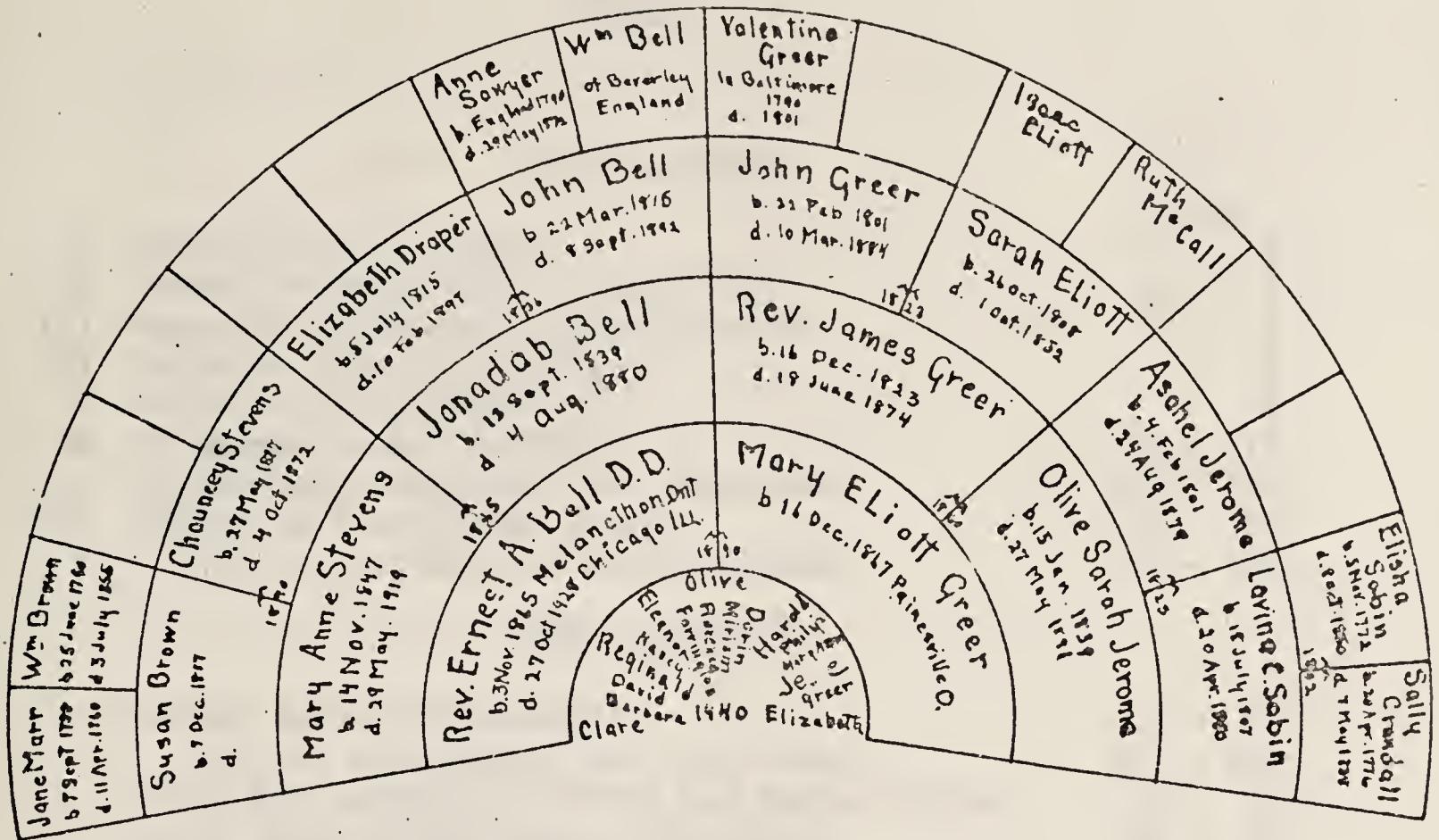
Madison, Wisconsin

1940

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The author wishes to thank the many who have helped with this family history, especially Mrs. Zoe Leet Klumph who assembled a large part of the Greer data found in the supplement, and Mr. Myron H. Sabin who not only assembled data on the Sabin family but traced its connection with the immigrant ancestor.



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SABIN ANCESTRY

I. WILLIAM SABIN, first progenitor of the line, appeared in the town of Rehoboth, Mass., at the organization of the town in 1643. He was a Huguenot whose father may have found refuge in England, though a William Sabin was in Kilsby, Northamptonshire, in 1543. William Sabin of Rehoboth was a man of considerable culture, possessing wealth, as shown in the account of his estate and gifts for relieving the wants of those who suffered from the ravages of the Indians. He was one of the leading spirits of Rehoboth in the school and church, and in affairs at Plymouth.

His first wife died shortly after 1660. His second marriage on 22 Dec. 1663, was to Martha, twin of Mary, and daughter of James and Anna Allen of Medfield, whose brothers Nathaniel and Joseph married daughters of William Sabin by his first wife.

William died about 1687. His will was made 4 June 1685 and probated in Boston 17 July 1687. The original will is on file in Boston. In it are mentioned sixteen of his twenty children.

Children of William Sabin and first wife,

Samuel	
Elizabeth	b. 1642 m1) Robert Millard m2) Samuel Howard
Joseph	b. 1645
Benjamin	b. 3 May 1646
Nehemiah	b. 1647
Experience	b. 1648 m) Samuel Bullin
Mary	b. 1652 m) Nathaniel Allen
Abigail	b. 1653 m) Joseph Bullin
Hannah	b. 1654 m) Joseph Allen had 12 children
Patience	b. 1655
Jeremiah	b. 1657
Sarah	b. 1660

Children of second wife,

James	b. 1664-5	
John	b. 1666	
Hezekiah	b. 1669	d. 1693
Noah	b. 1671	d. 1694
Mehitable	b. 1673	m. Joseph Bucklin d. 1751
Mary	b. 1673	m. Nathaniel Cooper
Sarah	b. 1677	
Margaret	b. 1680	d. 1697

Though William Sabin lived for forty years in Rehoboth he may have died in Boston and been buried in the Granary Burying Ground. There was a Hugenot church in Boston and many of the early French Protestant families are buried in this yard. The handwriting of the will is probably that of Nathaniel Morton, Secretary of the Colony of Plymouth.

Suffolk Records, Boston,
Liber X. PP 60, 61, 63.
Made June 4, 1685,
Probated 5th, July, 1687.

THE WILL OF WILLIAM SABIN

Bee itt known vnto all men That I, William Sabin, of the Town of Rehoboth, in the Government of New Plymouth in New England, Being through the Goodness and Sparing mercy of God in good health and Competency of understanding, yett not knowing how soon or how suddaine God may in all his wise providence put a Period to my Natural Life Having for the glory of God and the good of my wife and children and the peaceable Settling of the Estate God by his goodness hath betrusted me with all. hath made this last will and Testament This Fourth day of June in the yeare of our Lord One Thousand Six Hundred & Eighty ffive. Desiring and Charging my Deare Children after my Disease to keep with God and Observe his holly Commandments performing all those Christain Duties that God in his wholly word recquires of them, setting up and upholding both in family and in Publique. Imprimis. I do resigne my soule into the hands of the Lord Jesus my Dear Redeemer and my body to be decently buried.

Item. itt is my will that my lawful debts be Discharged.

Item. I give and bequeath vnto my Deare and beloved wife my Dwelling house and halfe of the Barne and the half of my home Lotte and Orchard and a peice of Salt Meadow adjoining to Capt. Hunt's; and my ffresh meadow called Wright's Meadow, and my pasture in mantons neck, and six acres of Land in the Second Division adjoining to Mr. Smith's

and foure acres in the greate playne where itt is sodded and free vse and Improvements of Herbago and Commonage; all said Lands, houses and Orchards, during her Widowhood if she marry not during her natural Life. Likewise I bequeathe to my Deare wife ffoure cows, Two Oxen, a mare and twenty Ewes and all my Swine and all my household goods and all the Cloath, woll, fflax and Corne within Doors and Barne or vpon the ground.

Item I give and bequeath unto my sonn Samuel, the one halfe of an Eleavenacres of land in the Second Division, Laying between Samuel and Nathanièl Pero's Land, and John Titus', to him, his heirs, or assignes forever.

Item I give and bequeath vnto my sonn Joseph an acre of Meadow att Palmer's River, Lying vnder the Hill over the Brooke against the Long Spang, att the Southern end, and ten acres of that Division that is now a Surveying, to him, his hiers, and assignes forever.

Item I give and bequeath vnto my sonn Benjamine, the other half of the Eleaven acres of Land in the Second Division which I Gave to my sonne Samuel, to my sonn Benjamine, his heirs and assignes forever.

Item I give to my sonn James the other half of my home lotte and orchard and Barne and the rest of my Lands in the Second Division, and Grate Playne that is not before Disposed. And two acres of Salt Marsh and part of fresh meadow in the forke of Palmer's River, to him, his heirs or assignes forever. Likewise I give him a yoake of Oxen and a Mare.

Item I give to my sonne John the Kill Lotte wch is twelve acres, and my neck Lotte and two acres to him, his heirs forever.

Item I give to my sonn Hezekiah, twenty acres att Palmer's River, and two acres of Salt Marsh and a piece of Meadow called the Hole att Palmer's River, and Twenty acres of the Division that is now Laying out to him, his heirs & assignes forever.

Item I give to my sonn Noah my Lotte of Land upon Ragged playne, and all my Meadow and pond att Mr. Brown's pond and Two acres of Salt Meadow to him, his heirs and assignes forever.

Item It is my will that my foure sonnes James, John, Hezekiah and Noah shall have my Comronage to be equally Divided betwixt them (excepting the vse and improvement I have given in my will.

Item I give vnto my Three Daughters Experience, Abigail and Hannah three pounds a piece to be paid by Nathaniel Allen that is due me by bill.

Item I give vnto my Grand-Child Samuel Allen six pounds of a Debt Due me from Nathaniel Allen as appears by bill.

Item I give vnto my Daughters Elizabeth and Patience, each of them a cow to be paid within a year after my Decease.

Item I give to my foure youngest daughters, Mehitable, Mary, Sarah and Margaret, five pounds a piece at their marraige out of the rest of my estate.

I give my wife two books and to have her choice, and the rest I give to my children, the Eldest to Chuse one first and see all of them Successively and then to begin againe until they have chosen them all,

Item It is my will that if ry wife marry that shee shall then resigne vp the house, barne and Lands to my sonn James whom I doe by this will enjoyne him and his heirs to pay his mother five pounds a

yeare during her natural Life, if she require itt, and itt is my will that my sonn James shall have the said Lands and houses, if my wife marry not, at her decease.

Item itt is my will that my beloved wife shall be executrix and my sonn James, Executor to this my will, and I appoint my sonne Samuel & Benjamin to be Overseers to my will.

With his Seal and Signed, Sealed
in the presence of
Thomas Cooper,
Willian Carpenter.

Signed,
William Sabin

II. DEACON BENJAMIN SABIN (son of Willian)

b. 3 May 1646 at Rehoboth, Mass.

d. 21 July 1725 age 80 at Pomfret, Conn.

Until he was about thirty years of age, Benjamin Sabin resided at Rehoboth. In 1675 he removed to Roxbury, Mass., which, being pressed for space, contemplated a colony in the Nipmunk country. Permission was granted for thirty families and an orthodox minister. "The way to Connectivut being very hazardous by reason of one deep river passing four or five times over, Major Pyncheon was ordered by the general court to lay out a better, and two Indians appointed to guide him." The planting of a colony was a grave and momentous affair. Town reeting 1685 agreed "to provide lands and 100 lbs. of money, $\frac{1}{2}$ to be laid out in public buildings and $\frac{1}{2}$ equally proportioned among the go-ers." In spite of the hazards there was no lack of subscribers and certain offered to go ahead who "should have liberty to break up land and plant anywhere they please for the present year" and should take a surveyor with them.

The thirteen pioneers, among whom were Benjamin Sabin and John Marcy (a Daniels ancestor) left Roxbury about the first of April, 1686, to spy out the place. The venerable Mr. Eliot, pastor of the church in Roxbury, could not but feel a deep interest in this attempt to

colonize the scene of his former missionary labors. Infants are recorded by him as baptized "in the same week that we sent our youth to make a new plantation,-" which came to be Woodstock.

The pioneers found a desolate wilderness, the Indian villages waste. On a noble bare hill they put up shelters, planted, built a saw mill. A surveyor followed to lay out bounds. When the "Go-ers" left Roxbury they passed the last outpost of settlement at Medway and followed the old Connecticut Path through thirty miles of wilderness. A rude public hall was awaiting them and around this they camped for the few weeks till houses could be built. A watch was set every night against Indians, bears and wolves. Aug. 25 1636, they chose seven men to lead in laying out the lots. Benjamin Sabin received twenty acres. 12 March 1688, he was on a committee to lay out the indispensable roads. Several roads and bridges were constructed. 1690 the town was incorporated and a minister secured. Benjamin was one of the selectmen and his house was one of the watch houses. In Feb. 1691, town meeting was held at his house, and when the meeting house was completed, he was chosen Deacon. In 1694 he was on a committee to apportion the unsettled half of the tract. All went well till Indian threats and alarms kept the community so disturbed that public affairs, roads, and fences were all neglected and the mill house fell into such dilapidation that "the bad weather did often spoil both bags and corn." Deacon Sabin was on a committee to treat with the miller to put the mill in repairs. In 1703 it is recorded he agreed to fence the burying place.

But Benjamin was interested not only in Woodstock. When he had gone to spy out the place, he had seen also the Kashamoquet tract (Ponfret) and had brought back so good a report of this Connecticut land

that a number of Roxbury men were induced to make its purchase. In 1686 a deed conveyed to Benjamin Sabin, John Grosvenor (another Daniels ancestor) and others "15,000 acres of wilderness land to be surveyed". In 1694 the proprietors met in Roxbury to receive their shares. John Grosvenor had died but his widow, Esther, had first choice, and her Grosvenor land is still the choice site of Pomfret.

Benjamin Sabin had eighth choice, and he added tracts for his sons. The map of these early holdings is published in Larned's History of Windham County. Indian wars delayed settlement on the lands selected. Esther Grosvenor came in 1700 with her sons, two of whom were William, five years out of Harvard, and Ebenezer (the Daniels ancestor). Her house, now a part of the Sabin house, is an historic landmark in Pomfret.

In 1705, Deacon Benjamin Sabin and his family came. He brought sons Stephen, Benjamin, Ebenezer, Josiah, Jeremiah, Nehemiah (in whom we are especially interested). In 1713 the Deacon's name heads the list of petitioners that the town be recognized and incorporated. He was on the committee to locate and then to build the meeting house. The next year he was chosen selectman. He was put on the committee to call the minister and to see that an ordination dinner for forty persons be provided. He was the first representative sent by Pomfret to the general assembly, 1719.

Pomfret was prospering. Improved roads brought travel through it. A fulling mill was located at the falls, to be bought later by Capt. John Daniels.

After five years in which there had been no deaths (except three infants) in town, it was voted to move the burying place. The second burial in the new place on 21 July 1725, was that of the aged Deacon and

pioneer, one of the most useful and respected citizens of Ponfret,
Benjamin Sabin.

Benjamin Sabin n 1) Sarah dau. of John and Rebecca Polly of Roxbury.
n 2) Sarah Parker 5 July 1678 who died 1717

- Children by 1st wife

Josiah	b. 1699 in Rehoboth	n. Rebecca Cheney
Ebenezer	b. 1671 in Rehoboth	
Benjamin	b. 1673 in Rehoboth	
Mehitable	b. 1677 in Roxbury	

Children by 2nd wife

Sarah	b. 1679 in Roxbury	n. Samuel Adams
* Nehemiah	b. 1681 in Roxbury	
Patience	b. 1682 in Roxbury	
Jeremiah	b. 1684 in Roxbury	
Experience	b. 1686 in Roxbury	n. David Morse of Medfield
Stephen	b. 1689 in Woodstock	
Timothy	b. 1694 in Woodstock	

III. NEHEMIAH SABIN (son of Benjamin² Willian¹)

b. 10 January 1681 in Roxbury, Mass.

d. 4 July 1746 in Ponfret, Conn.

resided till about 1716 in Medfield the home of his wife

n. 8 May 1702 Elizabeth Boyden, whose grandfather

1) Thomas Boyden came in the ship "Frances" from Ipswich, Eng. April, 1634, age 21, having given "the oaths of allegiance and supremacy". He was in service in the grist mill of William Gibson at Scituate where he was admitted to the church and married 1) Frances. He removed to Watertown joined the church there, was admitted freeman in 1647, removed to Boston. n. 2) Hannah Phillips, widow of Joseph Morse, 3 November 1658. Next year sold 7 acres in Muddy River (Brookline). 1660 court allowed Thomas Boyden to improve the Morse estates till his wife's children were of age. 1662 he and wife sold their house in Boston. He was an original proprietor of Groton; but soon settled in Medfield where he was long resident. In 1678 he subscribed "one bushel of wheat to the new brick college" Harvard. Was tithing man in 1682. His wife d. 1676. Children of Thomas and Frances Boyden.

Thomas Boyden	b. 26 September 1639	Watertown
Mary Boyden	b. 15 October 1641	Watertown
Rebecca Boyden	b. 1 November 1643	Watertown
Nathaniel Boyden		1651 Watertown
* Jonathon Boyden	b. 20 February 1652	Boston
Sarah Boyden	b. 12 October 1654	Boston

2) Jonathon Boyden, son of Thomas and Frances Boyden
 b. 20 February 1652 in Boston
 d. 30 May 1732
 m. 26 September 1673 Mary Clark, eldest daughter Alice
 and Joseph Clark, who was one of earliest settlers of
 Dedham and one of 13 who undertook settlement of
 Medfield. Mary was born 12 March 1649 in Dedham
 m. 2) Anne who died 1735
 Children of Jonathon and Mary Clark Boyden
 Jonathon Boyden b. 30 July 1674
 Mary Boyden b. 13 April 1677
 * Elizabeth Boyden b. 22 July 1678
 Mehitable Boyden b. 31 July 1679
 Thomas Boyden b. 16 March 1681
 John Boyden b. 14 April 1685
 Joseph Boyden b. 1 February 1687
 Sarah Boyden b. 21 November 1690

Jonathon was a proprietor of Medfield with his father.
 Was prominent in town affairs, selectman four years and
 chairman of the committee to protest against the division
 of the town in 1712. He was in full communion with the
 church prior to 1697, became captain in the militia 1712
 and representative to the General Court in 1715.

3) Elizabeth Boyden, daughter of Jonathon² Thomas¹
 b. 22 July 1678
 d. 7 October 1756, aged 79 years, at Pomfret, Conn.
 m. 8 May 1702 Nehemiah Sabin

(Reference: Thomas Boyden and His Descendants - Boyden 1901)

Children of Nehemiah and Elizabeth (Boyden) Sabin
 Abigail Sabin b. 15 May 1703 m. John Parkhurst
 Thomas " b. 2 December 1705 d. 6 August 1706
 Sarah " b. 10 January 1709 m.-Bacon and d. before 1746
 Elizabeth " b. 5 June 1711 m. Jonathon Lyon
 * Nehemiah " b. 9 September 1713 m. Ruth Cooper
 Mary " b. 5 June 1718
 Experience " b. 12 August 1720 m. Jonathon Kingsley

IV. NEHEMIAH SABIN (son of Nehemiah³ Benjamin² William¹)
 b. 9 September 1713 at Pomfret
 d. 5 July 1746 in Pomfret
 m. 3 December 1735 Ruth Cooper

Children of Nehemiah and Ruth (Cooper) Sabin
 Sybil b. 18 July 1736
 Lois b. 21 December 1738
 Nehemiah b. 8 April 1741 m. Mary Rice 1763, Tolland, Conn.
 Thomas b. 9 April 1744
 * Ebenezer b. 1 July 1746

V. EBENEZER SABIN (son of Nehemiah⁴ Nehemiah³ Benjamin² Willian¹)
 b. 1 July 1746 Pomfret (?)
 d. Colrain, Mass.
 m.1) Lyon, near relative of Mary Lyon of Mt. Holyoke

Children of Ebenezer and Lyon Sabin
 Ebenezer
 * Elisha b. 5 November 1772 Halifax, Vermont

m.2) Widow Martin

Children of Ebenezer and Martin Sabin
 Nehemiah b. 30 December 1781 at Colrain, Mass.
 m. 8 June 1807 Zilpha Putnam of Buckland, Mass.
 Dorcas
 Betsey
 Polly

After the French and Indian Wars the frontiers were in the Berkshires and Green Mountains. We find Ebenezer Sabin in Halifax, Vermont in 1771 where he built the first shingled house in town (Capt. Able Scotts - 1891). The shingles were attached to the roof by wooden pegs instead of nails. Hemenways Vermont Gazetteer, Vol. V, p.413 relates that Ebenezer Sabin's and two other families who came into town while it was yet a wilderness had between them but one needle with which for several years all the sewing for the three families was performed.

Ebenezer later moved down the valley a short distance to Corrain, Mass. and there married a second time.

VI. ELISHA SABIN (son of Ebenezer⁵ Nehemiah⁴ Nehemiah³ Benjamin² Willian¹)
 b. 5 Nov. 1772 at Halifax, Vermont —
 d. 8 Oct. 1852 at Marcellus, N.Y.
 m. 13 Oct. 1802 Sally Crandall
 b. 20 April 1776 at Stonington, Conn.
 (Probably dau. Paul and Rebecca Dennison Crandall)
 d. 7 May 1838 at Mayfield, Ohio.

Children of Elisha and Sally Crandall Sabin

Elisha Dennison Sabin
 b. 16 June 1803 Halifax, Vermont
 d. Apr. 1887 Onondaga Co. N.Y.
 m. 26 May 1830 Eliza Bacon

Children

George E. Sabin 1834-1890
 Sarah Sabin 1841-1842

* Lavina Caldwell Sabin

b. 18 July 1807 Spafford, N.Y.
 d. 20 Apr. 1880 Willoughby, Ohio
 m. Asahel Jerome (see chapter on Jerome)

Children

Eliza Ann Jerome	b. 1825 at Orange Hill, Ohio
Olive Sarah Jerome	b. 1839 "
Alfred Asahel Jerome	b. 1842 "
Horace Fletcher Jerome	b. 1846 "

Sabrina Lockwood Sabin

b. 16 Sept. 1810 Spafford, N.Y.

d. 30 Sept. 1859 Euclid, Ohio

m. 4 Oct. 1832, at Onandaga, N.Y. John Lander (1808-1864)

Children

Elisha W. Lander b. 1834 at Onandaga, N.Y.

Sarah Lavina Lander b. 1837 at Mayfield, Ohio

Lora J. Lander b. 1841 at Mayfield, Ohio

Olive E. Lander b. 1844 at Mayfield, Ohio

Lewis Gates Lander b. 1849 at Mayfield, Ohio

Olive Crandall Sabin

b. 18 July 1813 Spafford, N.Y.

d. 24 Feb. 1875

m. 25 Sept. 1834, Lewis Morehouse Gates (1814-1882)

Children

Levi Sabin Gates b. 1838 Mayfield, Ohio

Olive Charity Gates b. 1843 Mayfield, Ohio

Annette Morella Gates b. 1846 Mayfield, Ohio

Principal of Willoughby College

Lewis Myron Gates b. 1850 Mayfield, Ohio

Nathaniel Crandall Sabin

b. 22 April 1819 at Marcellus, N.Y.

d. 13 March 1892

m. 1) Laura Marlatt

m. 2) Octavia Rudd

Children by 1st wife

Mary O. Sabin 1843-1866

Dennison G. Sabin 1845-1876

Hiram W. Sabin 1848-1928

Thomas M. Sabin 1850-1930

Children by 2nd wife

Herman Jerome Sabin b. 1855

Laura O. Sabin b. 1858

Willard C. Sabin b. 1861

Myron H. Sabin b. 1865

Maud O. Sabin b. 1870

For further information on the descendants of Elisha Sabin see the chapter in the supplement.

From the Pioneer History of Cortland County, New York, by Morgan, we learn that "in 1805 Elisha Sabin and John Babcock cut and cleared a road from Scott Corners (then called Babcock Corners) to Spafford Corners. They transported their goods to their new home on sleds and found it a rather difficult task."

Onandago's Centennial, Vol. I, p. 910 adds that they moved their goods on sleds, over logs and through bushes as best they could. On the road from Borodino to the town of Scott lived fifteen families including Elisha Sabins. In 1806 the first wagon made its way over this road from Spafford Corners to Scott Corners. The first town meeting, 1812, was held in the house of Elisha Sabin, and in April 1813, the Annual Meeting was held at the same place.

Elisha now removed to Marcellus, Onandago County, New York, where he remained until 1838 when he went to Cuyahoga County, Ohio, where some of his children had gone. But his wife, a dutiful mother and pious Christian woman, there died the same year and he returned to Marcellus until his own death in 1850. He was a farmer all his life, a quiet industrious useful citizen, and one tradition has it that he "ruled his family with a rod of iron". He was careful of the training of his sons and daughters. Before she was sixteen Lavina was trained not only in the excellencies of housekeeping but as a tailoress. Her tailor's thimble and waxed thread were always at hand and all her life she made her husband's beautiful black broadcloth coats. She and her sisters each raised the lambs and spun the wool for red and white coverlets for their hope chests, and Elisha took the yarn to Auburn prison to be woven. Harriet Peeke Pawley has one of these and Eva Gates Cornwall has the one made for her grandmother Olive Sabin Gates. Careful as was Elisha's training of his daughters, their academic training was reager. Lavina's letters, written in a labored Spencerian show a good deal of misspelling.

VII, LAVINA CALDWELL SABIN (dau. Elisha⁶ Ebenezer⁵ Nehemiah⁴ Nehemiah³
Benjamin² William¹)

b. 18 July 1807 at Spafford, N.Y.

d. 20 April 1880 at Willoughby, Ohio

m. 1823 at Marcellus, N.Y. Asahel Jerome

Children

Eliza Ann Jerome

b. 1825 at Orange Hill, Ohio

d. 23 March 1858

m. Robert Traver (1817-1860)

children

Verlena Traver m. Oscar Jacobs

both bur. Chagrin Falls, Ohio

children Milan 1866, Harmon 68,

Elmer 1869, and Zella Jacobs

m. White

Henry Traver b. 6 Sept. 1843, killed 19 Sept. 1863
at battle of Chickamauga.

Maurice Traver, Iowa farmer, 6' & 7" tall

m.1) Carrie Smith had children

Robert, Alice, Leo, Fred, Effie, Ray,
Vernie, Roy and May Traver.

m.2) Delia Dennison had children

Elga, Clare, Earl, Kahle Traver

Walter Traver m. Miranda Hoffman

both buried Gates Mills, Ohio

children John, Glenn and Calvin Traver

* Olive Sarah Jerome

b. 15 Jan. 1839 at Orange Hill, Ohio

d. 27 May 1891 at Lincoln, Nebraska

bur. in Wyeuka Cemetery, Lincoln.

m. 10 March 1860 at Orange Hill, Ohio

Rev. James Greer

(see the Chapter on Greer)

children

Sarah Lavina Greer b. 14 Apr. 1861

Jerome Greer b. 21 Feb. 1863

Vesta Olive Greer b. 31 Mar. 1865

Mary Elliot Greer b. 16 Dec. 1867

John Kingsley Greer b. 19 Jan. 1870

Frank Sabin Greer b. 4 Feb. 1873

Alfred Asahel Jerome

b. 16 Aug. 1842 at Orange Hill, Ohio

d. 31 Aug. 1918 at Mayfield, Ohio

m. 1) Hattie Henderson (1847-1868)

child Blanche b. 15 Sept. 1868

d. 30 Oct. 1939

m. S.W. Catlan

m. 2) Ida Eleanor Law (18 Sept. 1852 - 29 Oct. 1921)

children Hattie Eleanor Jerome

b. 29 May, 1873 m. Harry John Harmon

Res. Euclid, Ohio

Henrietta Lavina Jerome

b. 15 Feb. 1875 m. Howard O'Halley

Florence Elsie Jerome

b. 12 Feb. 1880

d. 4 May 1939

m. Roy P. Akins

Alfred Asahel Jerome lost an eye at the battle of Antietem. He was a farmer and was county commissioner of Cuyohoga county for six years.

Horace Fletcher Jerome, Farmer

b. Sept. 1846 at Orange Hill, Ohio

d. Feb. 1922 at Painesville, Ohio

res. Huntsburg and Hartsgrave, Ohio

m. c.1870 Letitia Ordell Lockemer (1851-1917)

children

Charles Alfred Jerome, civil engineer

head of map department of Cuyahoga Co.O.

b. 7 July 1873

m.1) Laura Cooper who d. 21 July 1921

m.2) 23 July 1922 Euphemia Park McCracken

who was b. 7 Oct. 1876

(Horace) Grove Jerome, with the American Fork and Hoe Co.

b. 2 Sept. 1882

m. 6 June 1911, Mae Ritter, Massotherapist
res. Geneva, Ohio.

children

Ruth Avis Jerome

b. 22 July 1913

m. 30 Oct. 1935 Paul McNamara

children

Kathleen McNamara b. 1 June, 1936

Paula McNamara b. 22 June 1939

Vesta Mae Jerome

b. 10 Sept. 1916

m. 10 Oct. 1937 Walter Stuper
child

Walter James Stuper

b. 19 Feb. 1940

For further information on the descendants of Lavina Caldwell Sabin see chapter in the supplement.

JEROME ANCESTRY

Research will probably yield the ancestors of Asahel Jerome. At present no connection is known with other Jerome records in Connecticut. Timothy Jerome, Hugenot, born in the Isle of Wight in 1688, died in Wallingford, Conn. in 1750. He had a son Samuel who lived in Stockbridge, Mass. and died in Pompey, New York, and was grandfather of Jennie Jerome, Lady Randolph Churchill. A John Jerome was in Branford, Conn. in 1756. An Asahel Jerome, aged 31, was with the Connectivut men who came from the frontier community of Westmoreland (now in Pennsylvania, then considered part of Connecticut) in 1777, to aid in the revolution and who returned too late to prevent the Wyoming massacre. The 1790 Census gives in New London County, Conn.

Benjamin Jerome 5 sons and 3 daughters

Richard Jerome 1 son and 4 daughters

Elizabeth Jerome living alone

Asahel Jerome was born 4 February 1801 "in Connectivut". He had brothers, Walter and Willian, twins and Baptist preachers, Roscoe whose daughter, Josephine, went to Cazenovia Seminary with Asahel's daughter, Olive, and Horace who married unfortunately and died in the poor house near Boston when old, a shock to Olive when the news came.

The tradition in the family is that Asahel Jerome's father -- whose name is not at present known -- was a skilled metal worker in Connecticut, perhaps in the gun works, but finding it difficult to support his family of children -- there were fourteen (of whom Asahel may have been the oldest) he took up land, and was killed about the year 1815 by a tree he was felling. He was a Mason and was given Masonic burial, but the son was convinced that the Masons defrauded the widow of her property. Asahel remained bitter

towards the Masons. Asahel was thus thrust early upon his own resources and became that typical Yankee product, a "Connecticut Pedlar".

It was in the Connecticut brass towns that the first American mass production scheme with interchangeable parts was worked out, especially in the making of clocks. Traveling salesmen were sent out with the resulting cheap clocks and tin ware, sometimes with a pack on their backs, or on horseback, or with a cart. European experts came to observe and comment, and the Connecticut Yankee became known throughout the world.

At 18 or 19 Asahel set forth with his peddler's pack, and in due course of time came to Marcellus, New York. On Sunday, as his custom was, he went to church, and there, singing in the choir, beheld the fair Lavina, a pink rose beneath the brim of her poke bonnet. Her grandchildren differ on the rest of the costume. Brown taffeta, with her reddish hair, says one; dove colored dress with a lavender shawl and corn colored bonnet says another; but the result was complete, and the young couple soon settled in Orange Hill, Cuyohoga County, Ohio, where we have record of his voting, May 20, 1822. The neighbors who helped raise the logs for the cabin were paid by the tailoring which Lavina did through the winter on thirty coats -- one for each helper.

Orange Hill reminded Asahel of his native New England. Here were born his children: Eliza Ann who married Robert Traver, Olive Sarah who married Rev. James Greer, Alfred, and Horace. After his children were grown, Asahel bought a less hilly farm at Mayfield, Ohio, and here his grandchildren remember him. It was a hundred acres of as fine a farm as could be. Everything had to be complete, spic-and-span, and kept trim. Lavina had to plead for the lovely white wild raspberries that grew in the fence corners, as Asahel thought them too much of a tangle. The red horse barns were across the road from the white house. The cow barns and cribs were far to the back.

A white picket fence enclosed the orchard, currant bushes and garden.

Prairie queen roses showered bloom over the porch rail.

Within, the parlor floor was carpeted with threeply sail carpet, green and tan.. There was a mahogany table with beautifully carved legs to match the little stand which Sarah Slater has, and there were Hitchcock chairs. The kitchen had a brown painted floor that glistened, and one of the first kitchen stoves, instead of the usual fire places. Each bedroom had a large wardrobe instead of a closet. One bedroom had a mahogany spool bed; Lavina's bed was a low fourposter of red cherry.

Asahel took an active part in the community. He always hitched up a fine carriage horse to the shiny pheaton on Sunday and drove to church. Since no cooking was done on the Sabbath, rows of pies and bread and cooked meat having been prepared on Saturday, Lavina's black silk dress rustled comfortably into the pew. There were no hymn books, so the words of the hymn were 'lined out' from the pulpit; then Asahel touched his tuning fork and 'raised the tune'. One of his favorites was:

"Here I'll raise my Ebenezer
Hither by Thy help I'm come
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by angel tongues above
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it
Mount of Thy redeeming love."

Asahel and Lavina sent their sons Alfred and Horace to Western Reserve Seminary at Farmington, Ohio. They were fine handsome, high spirited boys who were wild and unmanageable. They sent their daughter, Olive, to Cazenovia Seminary in New York State and then to Farmington with her brothers.

Olive married the Principal of the Seminary, as we shall see in a later

chapter. Here we give a letter written by Lavina to her daughter Olive when she had given birth to Lavina's first grandchild, Sarah Lavina Greer. The letter illustrates, what we have noted, that female education of the period and place had been limited. Lavina saw to it that her daughter fared better. The spelling is not a reflection of Lavina's general competence which was excellent.

Orange, April 29 (1861)

Dear Olive,

I recieved a line from Mr. Greer and was glad to hear you got along so well. I wish you much Joy with your little daughter but I should (have) had a little more Joy if it had been a boy but all is rite. Alfred is agoing to Washington i suppose he has enlisted he had his name put down at the pols he went to Cleveland yesterday it seems as tho I could not have him go but so it is one thing after another. I wish Mr. Greer would come this way when he goes to Wilerby (Willoughby) and bring Emmy with him and let her stay with me until you come out in the suner i would like to have her very much she would be so much compeny for me, say to Mr. G. please let her come. I think he can spare her a little while now come a saterday if he can and stay over Sunday if not Father says when he guits here he can take one of our horses to go down to Willoby pleas write as you have not i feel anxious to hear how you guit along Olive.

Mother

sens I wote the above i have heard from Alfred he is going to Cincinnati with a chosen company on account of his hith. if Emma comes send her white dres Jest as it is and i will fix it i am going to Cleveland and can guit the eging as soon as you guit able write me a long letter i want to know how the baby looks.

Alfred and then Horace were off to the War -- boys in their teens -- Letters sent to their sister show the gradual transformation of romantic boys into hardened veterans. Their mother spent the sleepless nights of the War years knitting the bed spread which Sarah Slater now has. She never smiled much after these hard years. Asahel and Lavina always "had plenty", Their sorrows were their childrens' hardships. Their

daughter Eliza Ann Traver died early leaving children Verlena, Maurice and Walter who were a care to their grandmother. Their sons were in the Civil War and their daughter Olive Sarah Greer was left at thirty five a widow with a step daughter and six children of her own, as her father had prophesied.

In their old age Asahel and Lavina went to live with their widowed daughter "to be a help" to her in Willoughby, Ohio. Asahel could work at the yard and the fruit trees but he was an old man, nearly eighty, and died 24 Aug. 1879. Lavina for nearly sixty years had lived for him and just followed her soon, 20 Apr. 1880.

The story of their daughter, Olive Sarah, wife of the Rev. James Greer, we will find under Greer.

EXTRACTS FROM CIVIL WAR LETTERS OF ALFRED AND HORACE JEROME WRITTEN
TO THEIR SISTER OLIVE

All the first from Alfred

Cleveland, O. April 30, 1861

to Mrs. James Greer, Farmington, Trumbull Co. Ohio

Dear Sister:

I am at Camp Taylor, Cleveland and belong to the Zouave Light Guard Co. B. the best company in camp. Co. A is first but we get the praise. There is over one hundred of us nearly of a size. The captain says I will make a good soldier. There comes the band. It makes my heart heave, this is the life for me. There is 5300 soldiers in camp. Our Captain is the largest man on the ground. I am the only boy from Orange. We will be sworn in at two o'clock. We expect to go to Cincinnati this week. I hope so. We had a present of the new testament to take with us. We don't have as good living as we do at home. I didn't know that I was tough till I came here. Here the rest complain and some faint in the ranks, it is hard work to drill. I never knew what work was. Rob Cornwell is in our company we have some good times. I thought I could leave with dry eyes but when one leaves home and friends may be never to return it tries a fellow's pluck. I send my love to all of you and O Olive don't forget me if I never come back. Goodbye.

Alfred H. Jerome

Weston Va. Sept. 8, 1861

Dear Sister:

I am at Weston Va. at the hospital now. I have had the Camp Fever am quite well now only weak. There is a good many sick, seven out of our company. I saw 4 laid in their Coffins last week. We have some rough times here in the mountains we took 12 horses, burned a number of houses they call us the wildest company in Va. Out from under the Colonel's nose we came to a house and the folks left a good warm breakfast on the table for us, corn bread and everything good. We ate till we could hardly stir then took all that was baked. I like this life very well, lawless just the thing. I haven't been homesick yet it is killing some of the boys. I have been washing this morning till a lady passing told me it was Sunday. I thanked her wrung out my shirt and took this old pen. There is no Sunday here. I heard that they were draughting in Ohio. There is no need of that.

Charleston West Va. Oct. 23, 1862

Dear Sister:

I haven't heard from Horace for a long time. I guess he is doing well enough. It will make a man of him if it don't make a rascal. This is a hard place to be good. I sometimes think I am half crazy. I do not drink any and I do the best I can but this is a selfish hard world, the only prayer I have heard since I came in the army was when I was home last winter. When we first came out we had some religious men but they are the worst ones now, kept under the fence at home when they broke loose they knew no bounds -- some it made better men.

Summerville Wester Va. Nov. 8, 1862

Dear Sister:

I received your ever welcome letter this day. Well Olive the cold chilling winds and snows of November is upon us again and still this war is raging, let it rage. I have got so I don't care whether it lasts or not. Both armies are sick of it but the south is the worst. I have talked with lots of them, they want it to close they don't care what the terms is only peace and a chance to go home.

We have a smashing log heap about six feet from the tent door. We have to go out of doors to warm, we have enought to eat and lots of blankets. Through the battles of Md. we lay a whole week without a blanket never took our equipment off nor our guns out of our hands night or day. I have slept on some hill side supporting a battery when the cannon balls would be flying over our heads. They would bring us rations and cartridges in the night. If you ever saw a picture of a battle field, men closed in striking with their bayonets. I saw lots of men run through with cold steel. You can have no idea how a battle field looks, dead horses and men.

Horace had been sick most of the time since he enlisted I guess he will get over it if he don't he never will die any younger. I used to think a man could never die in a better cause but I have got over that.

Ganley Bridge, Western Va. Dec. 18, 1862

Dear Sister:

I was glad to hear from you. I am in good health and spirits. We are in Winter Quarters which we built of logs a large fire place in one end. It took a good deal of work but they will pay for it. Rob is gone, he is dead. His wounds that he received at South Mountain killed him. Oh Olive it chokes me every time I think of it. He was a man as noble one (those are scarce) the tears almost came when I heard of it but I drove them back and thought that part was for children not for soldiers. I miss him every day and think of him but he is gone and I will be his avenger. Yes I will.

Yes I saw McClellan, the President and Burnside they reviewed us after the battle. Gen. McClellan is the finest looking man I ever saw in a saddle and he is the man, if you could hear the cheers of men and the roar of cannon as he rides along the lines you would think so too.

We get the Cleveland and the Cincinnati papers every week and the mail comes every day, that is a comfort to a soldier. You ask me what I do to pass the time. Well I write some, read some, work some, do nothing some, eat some and make my share of noise. Time flies fast it will soon be spring. I wonder what it will bring with it,

Ganley Bridge Jan. 3, 1863

I was at home twelve days, had a very good time but was so lonely I could not stay. It does not raise my wages being a corporal, I might have been one long ago but did not wish the position and would not have taken it this time but it was given me on the field by the Colonel for brave conduct.

I am for a Union War but drop the nigger war. I enlisted for three years and will stick it out if it takes my finger nail.

Charleston May 25, '63

I am in good spirits and good health still I am not very fleshy I think I will always be spare like Father. I was on picket last night and did not sleep much for I had my hair raised pretty often by making a man of a stump, a bear of a mouse.

Charleston, Mar. 11, 1864

I am enjoying myself finely. We have about 30 parish recruits in our company, bloody noses are a common thing. We call them conscripts and they don't like it as well as potatoes. I never expect to have as fine times again as I had while at home. Well it's only three years more. It don't look as long as three years did when I first enlisted. We got new arms and equipment to day. I have a splendid rifle.

A lieutenant in our company has got one hundred and four recruits. They all seem to expect to be an officer as soon as they get here.

Charleston, W. Va., Mar. 31, 1864

Too much drill to suit me but that gives us a good appetite. We have lots of fun with our recruits some of them never was out of sight of their mothers before they have all got the purples or measles or whooping cough or homesick. If we should go to marching now we should have a dozen to bury every night.

I have one dear friend, one of those conceited, know-everything Englishmen. When I wish a change I begin spouting out 'old England' in his hearing. Thunder won't he spout. When he commences to talk I correct him which makes him foam. I have named him "The Flower of England". He says I am on the road to 'ell faster than two horses could carry me. I am not going to get homesick as long as he is with us.

There is pretty strong talk of raising soldier's pay -- I hope they do.

Alfred A. Jerome

Alfred was wounded at the battle of Antietam, a spent ball lodging in his cheek stiffening his jaw and blinding his eye. The injury caused pain all the rest of his long life.

The next letters are from Horace.

Letters from Horace

Charleston May 2 '64

We have moved -- are 40 miles from Dalton, Ga. We came from Bull's Gap to Langden in the cars and marched from there 40 miles in 2 days. There is going to be some hard fighting this summer in this department there are two or three divisions here now. I am getting stronger fast. I shan't march any unless I am able I have soldiered long enough to look out for number one. A man has to serve a year before he is a soldier.

Hospital - - - - Louisville Ky. June 1, 1864

I am middling well as well as could be expected under the circumstances. We live the worst here of any place I was ever in where there was no need of it. We get dry bread and coffee for breakfast, dry bread and miserable soup for dinner and coffee and bread for supper. We can get butter for 60 cents a pound but I have no money. It is enough to raze a fellow curse the day that he enlisted. If you can send me a dollar or two. I am so weak I can't walk 20 rods without resting, I have no appetite. I don't eat anything. If you ever want to hear from me include a stamp.

(When Horace came here on furlough the neighbors came in with all sorts of fruits, vegetables and other delicacies to help feed the youth whose tale of malnutrition they had heard.)

Louisville, Ky. June 11, 1864
Brown's U.S. Hospital Ward 13

It was hard for me to leave home although I strove to conceal it. I was sorry to hear that Alfred was wounded the first word I have had of him for some months. Write where to write. You have probably seen the account of our loss in the fight at Rasacca there were a great many more killed than were on the list. One a boy was a favorite wit the whole company. He was a little ahead of me in the charge; was struck with a grape shot, he rolled over tried to smile and wave his hand to me to go on but he died within five minutes. I was over the battle ground on Monday. I found the place where he fell with a grave close by. I tried to get a stake and mark it but I had only one hand and my shoulder was so sore I couldn't use that much so I took his knapsack and left it at the head of his grave his initials were on the strap. My fingers are doing well, they will be stiff sure I guess. A box of provisions would come very well here.

The gorillas are starting an awful mess. There are more Rebels here than in Tennessee.

Louisville, Ky. June 23, 1864
Brown's U.S. Hospital

My fingers are nearly well. I shall get detailed as nurse here if I can when they are well. I have had enough of the front. Playing ball is all very nice when you don't try to catch them and then you are apt to get your fingers hurt. We live a great deal better now. I am going down town tomorrow to see the state agent to get some tobacco papers and other things if I can. You don't know how much good a letter does me. It is the same things over and over, you have something to write about.

Nashville, Tenn. Dec. 9, 1864

Our old brigade captured 22 battle flags and seven hundred prisoners in the last fight. I think Colonel Scofield will get a star for it. I have had a letter from Alfred. I guess he will kick her through all right if we give him time. We have a fine place in one end of the tent and I must steal some wood for night.

Horace

ELLIOT ANCESTRY

The Colonial records of Pennsylvania have innumerable references to early Elliots. Quaker records may be available. Undoubtedly more light on the first American Elliots can be obtained.

Oct. first, 1875, John D. Elliot, a brother of great grandmother Sarah Elliot, gathered all that he could of the Elliot family history and presented it at a meeting of 130 descendants of Benjamin Elliot at the Quaker Union Meeting house near Zanesville, Logan Co., Ohio. Said he,

"Much of what I know of our ancestors was learned while a boy listening to conversations of my grandparents. If I remember my grandfather's grandfather's name it was John Elliot. (The name was spelled "Ellot" down to my grandfather's time and he still contended that was the right way). Of this first ancestor all I know is that he came from England in company with many others about the time the company came over with William Penn, settling near Philadelphia. Of this family all I know of is three sons named, Benjamin, Jacob, and Abraham. Jacob and Abraham moved to South Carolina leaving Benjamin in York County, Pennsylvania. Soon after the revolution he moved with his wife and some of his children to what is now Washington County, Pennsylvania.

A silver headed cane with the initials of his name and date somewhere in the 1780's was to descend to the next oldest Benjamin Elliot in perpetuity."

Using the clues here given the following items from the Pennsylvania records may be pertinent.

On the 7 Nov. 1691:

Joseph Wood and John Elliot appearing before the commissioners, Joseph Wood complaining that the Plantation he now lives on at Darby had no conveniency for hay but what was surveyed unto John Elliot by virtue of a

Warrent dated the 24th last, The said Elliot being present, did agree and consent that the said Woods should have all the marsh and cripple granted him that day provided he may have confirmed unto him that part of it from his white oake bounded tree upon Darby Creek down to the great rocke.

Year 1713 we find:

The land lately granted by Warrent date 24th Inst. to Cornelius Toby in Kent being one third of a piece of ordinary vacant land there, James Steel requests that other 200 acres of it be granted to David Stroham who is now seated at a corner of it and the other 200 to John Ellet an orphan now under James care, on the same terms with Toby's namely a penny sterling per acre, which is also granted.

4 mo. 2, 1722.

The commissioners by a patent dated 31, 7 m. 1692 confirmed to Israel Harrison and John Ellice 435 acres of land in 2 parcells joining together on both sides of Christina Creek about 2 miles above the bridge about 60 acres whereof is held by one David Thomas and the remainder belongs to John Ellet of Kingcessing who now requests the addition of a parcel of vacant land adjoining to the N.W. side of the tract to accomodate a settlement for his son who now dwells there.

In the History of York Co., Pa. in the chapter on the Friends or Quakers we find that the Friends were among the first settlers of York County, that many came from Newcastle Co., Delaware then a part of the territories of Pennsylvania and the South Part of Chester Co. to the new settlements west of Susquehanna River. Among the first families was Elliot. When Friends migrated, permission was granted by the Meeting to which they belonged and a record kept of it in the minutes. In 1739 the Newberry Meeting was visited by a delegation from Kennet Meeting in Chester County. In 1743 Newberry Meeting was given permission to build a church. In 1743

also two marriages in Manchester nearby were witnessed by Elliots.

Thomas Davidson of Warrington, Blacksmith and Sarah Elliot, daughter of Sarah Farmer of Manchester spinster 9 - 9 - 43 at a public meeting house in Manchester, among the witnesses

Sarah Farmer

John Farmer

Jacob Elliot

Benjamin Elliot.

Alexander Frazier of Pennsbury in Lancaster Co., Yoeman, and Phebe Eliot of Manchester 10-10-43 at a public meeting house in Manchester.

Among the witnesses Isaac, Benjamin, Jacob, Abraham and Catherine Eliot.

The question remains - Was John Elliot who had warrent for a plantation in 1691 on Darby Creek, father of the orphan John Elliot, who in 1713 was under care of James Steele who lived in Whitewell's Chance . Was the orphan John Elliot that John Ellet of Kingcessing who in 1722 held over 300 acres on both sides of Christina Creek and wanted 200 more for his son who there dwelt? In 1749 John Ellet had a dispute with William Steele over a boundary. Was it the same John Elliot who had a warrent 13 Dec. 1751 for a farm in Newberry township, York Co., adjoining that of John Farmer which he improved upon and sold in 1764 to John Grove. A study of the map of the time lends plausibility to the story suggested by Darby, Kingcessing, Christina Creek and west of Susquehanna. More research is needed.

At any rate, we find record of our Benjamin at two Elliot marriages in York Co., 1743. And for the rest we will go on with John D. Elliot's account of the family as continued and published by Jesse C. Vansyoc at Boone, Iowa, 1908.

II. Benjamin (son of John)

children

John Elliot m. Providence Parson, moved to Columbiana Co., O.
1814

* Isaac Elliot m. Alice Wilkinson

Abraham Elliot was a baptist minister in Clark Co., Indiana, 1810
Lydia Elliot

Mary Elliot m. Samuel Paden

III. Isaac (Son of Benjamin², John¹)

b. the last day of 1756 in York Co., Pa.

d.

m. Alice Wilkinson, dau. Joseph Wilkinson of Londongrove, Pa.
children

Benjamin Elliot m. in Washington Co., Pa.

Susanna Supler and moved to Stark Co., Ohio,
1812 - established grist mill on Deer Creek
a great advantage as lands newly settled;
10 children.

Joseph Elliot m. Elizabeth John - 8 children

* Isaac Elliot m. 1) Ruth McCall

Isaac 2) Agnes Dewire 12 children

3) Rebecca Greer Dewire

Elizabeth Elliot m. "m. McCall - 8 children

Alice Elliot m. Joseph McCall - 8 children

Mary Elliot m. Jareb Baldwin - 7 children

Moses Elliot m. Rebecca Dooly - 8 children

Frances Elliot m. Mary Baldwin - 8 children

(This Isaac thus had 70 grandchildren).

IV. Isaac Elliot (son of Isaac³, Benjamin², John¹)

b. b.

d.

m. 1) Ruth McCall, dau. John and Sarah McCall
children

John D. Elliot m. 1) Ruth Dixon - 12 children

m. 2) Elizabeth Willets - 4 children

* Sarah Elliot m. John Greer - 9 children

Alice Elliot d. as child from eating berries in the woods.

Phoebe Elliot m. John Dixon - 8 children

Joseph Elliot m. Mary Slater - 5 children

both natives of Pa., came to Stark Co., when
young and there married and removed to Logan Co
in 1839.

James Elliot m. Matilda Dixon - 7 children

Ruth Elliot m. Isaac Gruell - 5 children
 Aunt Ruth Gruell visited James Greer's family
 in Willoughby.

n.2) Agnes Dewire

n.3) Rebecca Greer (dau. Valentine) widow of Shaphet Dewire
 children

William Elliot	m.1) Margaret McKinnon
George Elliot	m.2) Eliz. Williams - 8 children
Thomas Elliot	m. Eliz. Ann James - 3 children
Abram Elliot	m. Caroline Brown - 5 children
Malinda Elliot	m. Mary Wickersham - 5 children
Mathew Elliot	m. Thomas Wickersham - 8 children
	m. Ellen Ennis - 6 children.

(And this Isaac had eighty-seven grandchildren)

V. Sarah Elliot (dau. Isaac⁴, Isaac³, Benjamin², John)
 b: 26 Oct. 1808 in Pennsylvania
 d: 1 Oct. 1852 Limaville, Stark Co., Ohio
 m: 30 Jan. 1823 John Greer.

(See Greer).

GREER ANCESTRY.

I. VALENTINE GREER

In the first census of the United States, 1790, in Baltimore, Maryland, appears Felty Grear, head of a family with one white male under sixteen years and four free white females. Felty was the name his wife always used, the usual nickname for Valentine among the "Pennsylvania Dutch". According to tradition, German was spoken in this home. Among foreigners imported into Philadelphia in the ship Edinburgh, Captain James Russell, 14 Sept. 1753, was Jacob Greer (Creear) probably a Palatinate German. A Jacob Greer was in County Virginia in 1756. Whether these facts have any connection with our family is not now known. There had been Greers in Baltimore since before 1680 and a tradition relates that at one time Greer brothers were driven by Indians from their lands which were a part of the city of Baltimore. There is also an interesting possibility of a marriage date. The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography, Vol. 28, page 323, gives the marriage in Caroline Co. Maryland of Valentine Green and Jane Sylvester 9 June 1781. It states that the records copied were often quite indecipherable Greer could easily be read Green. Was it? A John Green and a number of Sylvesters are also recorded. This clue might be pursued. Research in the proper place may well go back of the 1790 census. At present that item in the census begins the Greer family record.

In 1790 Felty and his wife evidently had part of their family of children, one boy and three girls indicated (though some of the females may of course have been servants, sisters or mother-in-law.)

From other sources we learn that they had children as follows:

William Greer who lived later in Logan Co. Ohio and had no child.

Nancy Greer b. 1794

d. 1886 at Harlem Springs, Ohio

m. Mathew Dunlap (1791-1878) who came with his father Samuel from Maryland to Lee Township Carroll Co. O. in 1810 and cleared land. A founder of the Presbyterian Church of Carrollton.

Children

Mary Dunlap b. 1813, m. Geo. McDaniél
res. Jackson, Monroe Co.

Samuel Dunlap b. 1815, m. Katherine McWhirter
Ann, John, Margaret, Sarah, Mathew

Margaret Dunlap b. 1818 m. Morgan Thompson

John Dunlap b. 1820 res. Harlem Springs, O.

Sarah Dunlap b. 1822 m. Eathan Daniel, Cameron, Mo.

Eliza A. Dunlap b. 1828

Rebecca Dunlap b. 1825

Belinda Dunlap b. 1830 m. Hance Glazner

(A Hannah Greer, not known to be of this family b. 24 Aug. 1795 who m. 10 May, 1821 Samuel Dunlap b. Sept. 1790 Westmorland, Pa. teamed across the Mountains and emigrated to Carroll Co. Ohio then 1839 to Logan Co. till his death 1871. Hannah and her husband were ardent Methodists had a son William b. 2 Mar. 1824)

Anxious Greer

m. Drake Res. Nodaway Co., Missouri

George Greer

b. 2 May 1799 in Baltimore, Maryland

d. 18 Feb. 1896 in Benedict, Nebraska.

m. Sarah Lee

For their descendants see Supplement

John Greer

b. 22 Feb. 1801 perhaps in Baltimore

d. 10 March 1884 at West Farmington, Ohio

m. 30 Jan. 1823 Sarah Elliot

For John Greer's history and descendants see the following and the supplement.

About 1801 Valentine Greer moved westward with his family and died in the panhandle region of West Virginia. His widow with her family of children moved into Carroll County, Ohio by 1807, and in this vicinity her children grew up.

II. JOHN GREER

b. 22 February 1801 perhaps in Baltimore
d. 10 March 1884 - West Farmington, Trumbell Co. Ohio
m. 30 January 1823 - Sarah Elliott, age 14, daughter of Isaac
and Ruth McCall Elliot, quakers

Sarah is said to have urged a little Methodist zeal in Quaker meeting. "If thee feels that way thee had better join the Methodists", which she did effectively by marrying John. They were earnest and steadfast Methodists, always welcoming the itinerant circuit riders of the day. Sarah continued her use of the plain speech, especially in her correspondence.

John and Sarah Greer settled at Limaville, Stark Co., Ohio, and like all pioneers, began in a log cabin. John was a cabinet maker by avocation, and during the first winter made the Windsor chairs for his home. He also made the baby's cradle from a piece of hollowed log. He always remembered with joy this first home, and the picture of Sarah, her wool in her hands, walking back and forth before the wide hearth, now touching the big wool wheel with her finger to keep it turning, now touching the cradle with her foot to keep it rocking, while the fire light glowed like his own pride upon her.

To his farming John added a tannery. Water was brought through a spillway from a dam and over a big water wheel which ground the tan bark. Several men were hired to run the tannery. The children remembered that "They used to open a big gate and drive back a lane leading past the tannery, then up a rise of ground to the house. They could get inside the big water wheel and rake it go round. There was a spring on the side hill where they got their water." John later built a large house near the spring. The spring still flows but the house is now the trace of a cellar hole in a cornfield -- with here and there a bit from Sarah's blue dishes. So writes her grandchild, Zoe Leet Klumph.

John also combined his cabinet and leathermaking each winter by building a fine carriage for sale.

John and Sarah were deeply interested in the education of their children, much of whose early education was given them in the home through the reading of good books. Their diction was careful and fine -- Hamilton's meticulous. Later they were sent away to school, Mt. Union and Farmington.

John Greer was made justice of the Peace for Lexington township, Stark County, 26 April, 1826. Other offices of trust in the community were given him and his advice was sought. He became known and loved far and wide as Father Greer.

Children of John and Sarah (Elliot) Greer

James Greer	b. 16 Dec. 1823	m.1) Cornelia Tubbs, 26 Mar. 1854 r.2) Olive Sarah Jerome 10 Mar. 1860
Isaac Greer	b. 16 Aug. 1829	m. Ancivilia Hatch, 28 Mar. 1855
Plympton Greer	b. 19 Nov. 1831	m. Elizabeth Nelson 14 Sept. 1854
Hamilton Greer	b. 9 Feb. 1834	m. Louisa Green, Aug. 1860
Phoebe Agnes Greer	b. 25 Mar. 1836	m. Silas True 28 Mar. 1854
	d. 2 April 1857	no children.
Belinda Ruth Greer	b. 19 Dec. 1839	
	d. 4 Nov. 1840 -	bur. Limaville, Ohio
Mary Jane Greer	b. 20 Jan. 1842	
	d. 9 Oct. 1840 -	bur. Limaville, Ohio
Vesta Matilda	b. 4 Mar. 1844	m. Rodney Leet 1 Nov. 1864
Alonzo William	b. 19 July 1848	m.1) Marinda Wood 30 Sept. 1868 m.2) Sarah Wormald 3 Mar. 1881

For Descendents of the above see Supplement, Part I.

The eldest son, James, was born when his mother was only 15. Her marrying at fourteen had not seemed strange, for she had already kept house for her father and brothers. It was six years before the next child, Isaac,

was born. James was twenty-five years old when his youngest brother, Alonzo, the ninth child, was born.

A glimpse of the family life is seen in the letters that have come down to us, written when James was at College and on his first preaching appointment.

Lima July 9th, 1846

James Greer

Dear Son

It is with pleasure I write at this time to inform you of our health which is as good as usual. Mother has been complaining several days with a pain in her neck. We received yours of 25 of last month with a good deal of satisfaction after 3 or 4 weeks anxious looking. You did not inform us whether you received ours or not. We are busily engaged cutting and taking in our grass. People are generally cutting wheat which looks fine. It is said late Wheat will be shrunk. Crops of all sorts look well. We have had a growing season. Fruit will be plenty except peaches. There are a few in some places. We have 2. We have been eating cherry pie for weeks but all done now, but we have apple pie and dumpling in the room of it. We have got our carriage horse but not trimmed. We are waiting on Arba Kidney to do it. We talk of going to Logan Co. after harvest, if health and circumstances justify. We have had 3 swarms of bees to come off, 4 of which left us to seek a better house. Those that stayed appear doing well. We have taken the boxes from 4 and got some fine honey. Mother says she would be happy to step into your room with a plateful but the distance being so great she despairs of doing it, but we hope to have some when you come home.

Our prospects were never better in the Sabbath School. Br. Lewis is superintendent. Meetings are rather dull but we are still striving to keep the prize in view as our anchor is within the vale we will try to hold on to the cable till we reach the harbor, and we hope you will remember your vows and discharge your duties to God and all men and then be sure it will be well with you here and an abundant entrance into the everlasting Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

John D. Elliot and family are all well. John has been appraising land over 2 months, had 5 townships to appraise. He is now about through. The neighbors are all well so far as I know. We have had very little use for Doctors in this section this season. So far there has been less ague than any of the last 5 years. Abijah N. Lewis was married to Maria Harden on 2 of this month at H.M. Lewis.

Mother and I were at the wedding. Br. Carr performed the service. I bought the black mare you and I went to see last fall at Aquilla Coatses. I paid 35 dollars for her. She had just been sold by the constable for \$30 as the property of Asa Scott. Br. Gaskill has just got on his new goods. We are getting up 2 more buggies. I shipped some leather for the east but have not got returns yet. Sold my skins that I had prepared to S. Printiss.

Excuse my hand writing as I just came in from the meadow we have mowed. We are doing it ourselves. This is one of the hottest days we have had this summer. We have just commenced a few days ago to paint our house inside and we intend if we can get lumber to finish it throughout but this is uncertain. We are still well suited with our now Tanner. He is a pleasant young man. H.M. Lewis thinks you have neglected him in not writing before this, he wishes you to inform him of your progress and the branches you are studying. I wish you would write to me more frequently if you can spare the time and paper. I shall probably not write again till you have written us again, and I want you to tell us when you wish to return and some of us will try and come and fetch you and yours back. I have not said anything about the school as yet but intend to soon. I wish you would give me your price. I had thoughts of saying \$ 16 to them. They are building a house at Marlborough for McClain and will soon open an Academy there. I think Albert Coony has spoken for the Marlborough school. He has been going to McClain this summer. I add nothing more but remain yours respectfully,

John Greer
Sarah Greer

(This adding the wife's name was a custom of courtesy).

This from his mother --

February th 12

Dear Son since you left home last, brother Thomas held a protracted meeting. It held several days in which there seemed but little done if we are allowed to judge from outward appearance. The weather was rather unfavorable, there was a pretty good congregation at night, the people seemed to pay pretty good attention and the members seemed to enjoy themselves pretty well. There has been but one joined the society yet. There were several that went forward as seekers of religion among whom was Hamilton, Isaiah Ickes and wife Marguerite Ickes and about six or eight others; some of them seemed to be blessed. There is a meeting in progress at Freedom. I cannot tell what it will result in. I heard that there were about twenty saved a few nights ago. It is held by Brothers Ingle and Rodgers. They say its a very noisy time indeed.

Hamilton came here a few days, his health was poor so he thought it best to stop studying a while, however, he has gone back this week. The rest of our people are well. Some of our neighbors are much afflicted Alice Hiplen Deceased on the fifth of this month of typhoid fever Ann Thomas is confined to her bed and was not able to come to see her Mother after she was taken sick. Joseph Hicklen has very poor health We went to the funeral of John Hutton on Monday last. Abraham Wiliman was buried on Sunday before Isaac and Plimpton was at home on Saturday night and Sunday in good health. Cousin Ann Elliot is better. Dr. Northrip is back from the gold diggings in good health and spirit. I have not much to write as I know of that will interest you, yet I thought that some of us ought to write oftener than we do. I feel sometimes afraid that you will think we have forgotten you, this my dear son is not so though your lot is with strangers. Remember my son you have our prayers that you may be blest in your labours and that the Lord may preserve you from the temptations of the world. Sometimes I think or rather imagine in my own mind that I see you almost disengaged. Whether this is so or not I feel like saying, be not discouraged in well doing, remember the prize is at the end of the race.

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I have thought that if the Lord has called he will sustain and comfort. I would give some advice but I feel my own weakness and therefor I hope you will not be discouraged though your way may seem rough and hard. Put all your trust in the Lord. I think since our quarterly meeting I may say that I never felt more desirous of spending my life to the glory of God than I now do. If often think of a gone by day when the Lord first spoke peace to my soul. I think with a degree of pleasure on the early part of my life in viewing over the past. I see many errors in it yet the Lord was my friend. I see too that I might have done much more good than I have done, therefor I say improve the present. I think I will strive to take the advice I give. But I must close with saying please write soon and come home when you can most conveniently and then we will talk more. I can convey my ideas better. I often would write but I do so little that it is a very great task. Farewell my dear Son Sarah Greer

James

Lima December 16th 1850

Dear Son James

I summon a few moments from other business to write a few lines to you. 1st we received yours in due time all right. Through the blessing of Providence we enjoy tolerable health. Vesta and Alonzo have got the whooping cough but for this Mother and I should have come to see you probably. We think now it will not be prudent for some time at least. Isaac, Plympton and Hamilton are all at Mt. Union. As you may have heard Isaac is teaching a school in the place for \$ 70 per yr, They were well last Saturday. You see that

all the care of stock and business falls on us this winter but we have good health and good spirits to perform it. We would gladly receive a visit from you as soon as you can pass the time from more important business. Our quarterly meeting will commence 18th of January I think. Our society is rather low at present, our congregation is also very small, our ministers are well received and much beloved, Br. Thomas preached a mission sermon last Sabbath and raised \$9. 62½ for that purpose.

I here state that I have bought the widow Brown's farm for five hundred Dollars to be paid in one year. We have an abundance of the good things of life this year. I would gladly give you any advice in my power if I knew upon what point it was wanting, and will say be a good boy and strive to acquit yourself like a man.

John Greer

Leviel Akey is going to school at Mt. Union. He refused to teach for seventy five dollars per yr. Sarah Brentingham was married to William Peacock a few weeks ago. Mary is teaching a school in the Quaker meeting house. They have also revived the Academy in Marlborough Mr. Morris as teacher from 60 to 70 scholars. Ann Elliot has been sick for a long time her recovery thought doubtful. Joseph Hicklin is now at home; he looks like a walking skeleton. Health is generally good. Plimpton was at home last night. They expect a vacation between Christmas and New Years. Come home when you can make it convenient and write often.

John Greer
Sarah Greer

September 9 1852

Dear Son it is with feelings of gratitude to Him who is the preserver of our life that I now attempt to write a few lines to you. Father's and my health is pretty good at present. Plimpton and Hamilton was taken sick five weeks ago with the fever and was very bad for several days. so that we thought of sending for thee but the fever broke and they scoured to mend for several days so that Plimpton rode out several times, when he was taken with the (word not clear) which reduced him very low so that he is now only just able to sit up a part of the day. Hamilton is still very weak though he sat up all day yesterday. The rest of our family are well. Isaac is going to school at Mount Union. Father has several hands hired to help him. Elizabeth Elliot is out at present. Says the friends are all well in Logan. I wish I could say so.. It is very sickly around us at present, Joseph Stuart was taken sick on Wednesday and died on Saturday morning. His father-in-law David Halloway was taken sick the next day after Joseph and was buried on the Monday week after in Salem for he was there when he was taken. Emilie Stuart and Lizzie and Martin Halloway could not attend the funeral they were sick and, indeed, I may say they are a very afflicted family. Young Samuel Long

died a few days ago at Marlborough, left a wife and three children. Hendersots family have nearly all been sick, Caleb died two weeks ago, Sarah Brown and Allie Hicklin has been very sick but are amending. Indeed I may say from Lima up the creek to above Pierce's mill scarce any are well. Several deaths not mentioned who are strangers. Sister Lewis was very sick and also the two youngest children but are better. Brother Hoover is sick at present, hope he gets along soon.

Ellis Akey is getting around slowly. Sarah Akey is on the mend. James Akey has just bid me farewell for the west.

Our crops are coming in pretty good. The grass hoppers has not done us as much damage as they has some places yet they have injured the corn some. We have some beautiful apples both sweet and sour yet we do not realize much benefit from them there are so many to pick since the railway is in progress.

Dear Son I am happy to say that I think the course of religion on this circuit is on the increase. Our preachers are in pretty good spirit. Our quarterly meeting the brothers paid up all claims or nearly so. The public collection amounted to above ten dollars. The preachers are received gladly around the curcuit. Brother Thomas preached a good sermon last Sabath from these words, the wages of sin is death and so forth. Our Sabath School is growing, I think, in interest.

I had thought I would say no more about sickness but since I began to write Brother Lewis has gone home from here sick. He had a chill and this is the way most all are taken. Some are with the looseness in the bowels and vomiting, but I must conclude as I am much encumbered with what seems really necessary sewing both at home and among my neighbors. I think I do in a measure appreciate the worth of time as every day bringing new blessings, The wind seems to say, prepare for the coming winter. Sometimes I feel as though I may be the next that shall be summoned to affliction or death be that as it may. My dear Son I am striving to make my calling and election sure. I often feel that i am the weakest among the weak yet at the same time I know in whom I have believed and I think I may say today that I have peace in God through our Lord Jesus Christ. O my dear Son I am glad that I am a scholar in the school of Christ. I often lament my dulness in the cause of Christ and wonder why I am slow to attend to the things of the spirit. The word of God teaches that if we sow to the spirit we shall of the spirit reap life everlasting. I would say in conclusion be not weary in well doing.

We would be glad to see you but cannot wish you to come in this sickly season.

Lemuel Akey is going to School at Mt. Union. They say there is about fifty scholars. The school is very interesting.

Write again as soon as convenient. Elijah Elliot would come and see thee if thore was any one to come; Isaac said maybe he would go in a week or two. I must stop writing, pray for us

Farewell James Greer

Sarah Greer

Sarah's premonitions were confirmed in three weeks. On Sunday morning when the family were at church the disease struck. She sent her small children, Vesta, eight, and Alonzo, four, out to gather mullein leaves. She made a poultice for her abdomen, but her resistance, as she had felt, was low. In three days she was dead, 1 Oct. 1852, and they buried her in the little grave yard at Limaville beside her two little girls. A large pine tree shelters the three graves now.

With the death of Sarah and the marriage of several of his children, John Greer gave up his home in Limaville.

On the 17 Nov. 1853 he married, secondly, Jane Heddon, widow of Edward Heddon of Reynoldsburg, Ohio, an estimable Christian woman of very erect carriage and with children Dan, Robert and Carrie Heddon.

A letter from John in 1854 follows.

Reynoldsburg January 26 '54

Mr. James Greer Dear Son

I received your favor in due time and was happy to hear from you all that you are well and especially that you have still in view the destiny of our higher being, and I trust you are living and laboring in reference to that object. I most heartily congratulate you in this your Noble employment of instructing the youth and calling back the wayward from their error. We are all well, thanks to the Father of all mercies. Please excuse my delay in writing as I have many letters to write. I have been receiving letters of late from several of my correspondents. One from George Greer. They are well as usual. J.A. & George Greer returned from the west in December. They bought land in Iowa, about six miles from Cedar Rapids. They was in Mt. Vernon and was on Isaac's land. They like the country well but say there was a good deal of sickness this last fall. Isaac's letter came to hand in due time. I have just written to E.D. Waln of Mount Vernon and I shall answer his when I shall have got an answer from brother Waln. Give my love to all the friends and especially my dear children Isaac, Hamilton, Agnes and Vesta. I wonder if Hamilton has forgotten me, or the art of writing as I have not seen anything from his pen so long that I can hardly tell how it would look. It may be that he is so much engaged in his studies that he

cannot spare the time, I hope that he and all of you will, while storing the head, not neglect the heart. I received a letter from Plimpton a few days since, he was well and doing well. We are separated it is true but this is the common lot of man in this life but then the hope of meeting with those we have loved gives us some consolation by the way as we journey along, and here I will say to you before I forget it that I am very lame having fallen through a stable loft with one leg and came very near breaking my thigh. The muscles are so much injured that I fear it will be some time before that will be entirely well. It does not pain me much and I am able to walk without a staff. Alonzo is going to school. He is rather restless and needs a good deal of watching to keep him in bounds. I think the village is not a very suitable place for him. Tell Uncle Chancy and brother Fuller's folks we have not forgotten them. No more at present but I remain your affectionate Father

John Greer

John Greer now thought it best to take his combined family to West Farmington, Ohio, where his son James, now thirty one and married, was principal of the Western Reserve Seminary which Hamilton was attending, and to which the youngest boy might go for his education.

John built a nice home about half a mile north of West Farmington, and there he spent the remainder of his long life. He was tall and hearty at eighty-three with a great shock of white hair. His last week he went to church as usual. When for some reason the minister failed to appear, he arose and preached the sermon, and a very good sermon too.

He died of pneumonia 10 March 1884. His second wife died in May 1885. He is buried in the beautiful and well kept cemetery in West Farmington.

Vesta Greer Peeke says the grave is unmarked.

III. REV. JAMES GREER (son of John², Valentine¹)

b. 16 Dec. 1823 at Liraville, Stark Co., Ohio
d. 18 June 1874 at Akron, Ohio

James Greer was educated in the common schools, joined the Methodist church at fourteen, entered Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, 1845; took his bachelor's degree in 1849 and his master's in 1851. Having prepared himself for the ministry he entered the Erie Conference of the Methodist Church. His father gave him a horse and saddle bags which every Methodist minister then used to travel from place to place. In 1849 he was in Middlebury; 1850 and 51 at Youngstown and then for nine years, 1852-61 he was principal of the Western Reserve Seminary at Farmington, Trumbull Co., Ohio.

A contemporary said of him, "With all the enthusiasm of a naturally ardent nature, and in the vigor of young manhood he threw himself into the work of building up the seminary. He lectured in the school houses, preached in the churches, organized and led institutes, and taught almost incessantly to promote his favorite institution. The obstacles he encountered and the real success he secured can only be properly estimated by his co-laborers".

The preceptress of the school was Cornelia Tubbs from Binghamton, New York. To her James was married 26 March 1854. Their child, Emma Cornelia, was born 16 Oct. 1857. The young mother died of tuberculosis three weeks after the birth of Emma.

Olive Sarah Jerome was a pupil in the School. She had noted with some awe the cultured lady, wife of the principal, with her white kid gloves on Sunday, and she had been touched when once Cornelia had called the girl to her and with her own gold pin, fastened a bit of lace around the young throat. "There", she had said, "A bit of lace does something."

Now the pupils were all moved by her death.

The night after Olive's commencement two years later the Rev. Mr. Greer took her for a walk and proposed marriage. The girl felt inadequate, and declined. Her father advised against marrying a man 15 years her senior whose wife had died of consumption and who had himself had a hemorrhage. "At thirty-five you will be a widow with six children", he prophesied.

As the weeks went on in the little school she was teaching up near Orange Hill, Olive Sarah Jerome did some thinking. The following letters tell their own story.

Orange, Nov. 12, 1859

Professor Greer,

You will probably be surprised to receive this letter from me. You once told me, however, that you would be pleased to hear from me at any time, and as I wish to express my gratitude as well as that of my parents for your conduct toward Alfred, I am encouraged to write.

Alfred must have caused you a great deal of trouble. Father and mother are very sorry that they allowed him to go to F., but they hoped that the good influences there would have the same happy effect upon him that they did have on Horace, and do have upon nearly all that come in contact with them. But they were disappointed. I think he would not have done as he did had it not been for strong drink, and if he had had a different chum I think perhaps he would not have drank it. We knew of his drinking a little before he went, but he told me that he should not drink again, and I thought he would not be tempted there.

O I wish there were no ardent spirits in the world! Mother is almost broken hearted. But we all feel that you did perfectly right, and feel very grateful that you bore with him as you did, and hope that it may yet do good.

Horace has been at school nearly all of the time since he has been at home - he gets along very well with his studies.

And now Professor, I cannot close without telling you frankly that my feelings are somewhat different now, from what they were about the matter of which you spoke to me the evening after commencement, and if yours are the same toward me I should like to hear from you or see you. Very likely they have changed - if so, please to feel free to tell me for I think my mind will be more at rest than it now is. And will you pardon all that you think I have done wrong in the matter,

Prof. J. Greer

Gates Mills Post office address.

Yours very respectfully,
Olive S. Jerome

It seems that the widower with his two year old Emma, thinking Olive unavailable, and needing a restored home, had come nearly, if not quite, to the point of offering his hand to another excellent woman. When Olive's letter came, James had a real bit of explaining to do to one or both. It is fortunate that both showed Christian forebearance in the dilemma.

Miss Olive S. Jerome

Yours came to hand last evening and was read with pleasure, though it came almost too late. How slow the mails are! Another day would have made it too late forever. As it is I do not know. I must have till your next, at least, before I can give you a definite response. You were my choice. I believed you would be a congenial spirit for a life journey, and that you would make my home happy and my life a delight, if you should judge me worthy to receive your affections. And I felt that it would be a pleasure to me to devote myself to the labor of promoting your happiness, I sought your hand; but you had contemplated bestowing it upon another. For this I did not esteem you less. I had no thought of censure. There is nothing to "forgive". Unless, indeed, it be, that you may have delayed, through modesty, to express your sentiments to me, after your reflections had led you to think it might contribute to your happiness to reciprocate my affection for you (?).

But I fear I have said too much already, unless I could say yes, or no. Will you think it hard to be in suspense for a little while? You will not chide me if it ever becomes proper for me to explain, and, if it does not, you will know it ere long, and like a strong hearted woman, will forget these little incidents, and, having returned this sheet to me, will bestow your heart on another. And I pray the good Lord whom we serve, will guide us, and bless you whether you shall be mine or another's.

Olive, do you think your heart could embrace me as its dearest choice, if I shall dare to offer mine in return? Once I could have sent the proffer of it in advance; now I must wait. I do not ask you to bestow the rich treasure of your affection upon me now, nor need you answer the above question unless it seems proper; but if you can answer it, I assure you it will be kept in confidence, what ever may be the result of our correspondence. How much rather would I see you and converse upon this subject! but I cannot at present, and it is not proper for me to delay,

as most important interests demand that I come to a decision. But how my pen runs on, it is difficult for me to know what to say, or rather what to leave unsaid. I fear now I have written what I ought not. But you will forgive, and keep all in the secrecy of private friendship. Had I not confidence I would not write.

With sentiments of highest esteem, I remain in expectancy till your next arrives.

Most Sincerely,

Yours, truly,

To Olive

James Greer

Orange, Nov. 23/59.

Professor Greer,-

Yours did not reach me till this evening as our mail comes to us but once in a week, but I will answer immediately and send from Chagrin Falls.

I think I will answer the question you asked me, but wish my answer to make no difference with your present arrangements or desires. If my letter came too late, I shall think it was for the best. I did not know that it was right for me to write as I did but my heart prompted me. Yes Professor, I think my heart could embrace you as its dearest choice, and I thought the same while at F. but thought perhaps your presence influenced me -- that I should feel differently when absent from you. But I find that I did not think correctly.

The change, I spoke of as having taken place in my feelings, was not in the affection I felt for you but in my willingness to yield it up.

Perhaps I ought not to write so frankly not knowing your feelings or circumstances at present -- but I pray you, Professor not to let this confession influence you to act contrary to your present desires. I should feel very unhappy if I thought your consideration for my feelings would lead you to do so. -- -- I commence teaching again on Monday next, so my mind will be occupied for seven or eight hours each day. Besides I feel that Jesus is my helper and that I can trust him as my guide, precious guide!

Sincerely Yours,

Prof. J. Greer

Olive

In reply to this James at first wrote,

Miss Olive:

Yours came by the last mail. I was glad to get it, and to get it so soon. Would that the mails were always as prompt in bringing welcome news. Your frank and generous answer commands my admiration. I know you were incapable of such an answer had not your heart "prompted" you. A subject so sacred and so fraught with happiness, or misery, has been carefully considered by you for months that have past, I doubt not. And, though I came near to giving my hand to another whose in return would, I have every reason to believe, have been given to me in return with a full heart, I now have the unspeakable pleasure to believe that the hand I sought first will bless my suit. I could have wished this knowledge a week or two sooner but perhaps it is just as well. I delayed to express my present sentiment to you because of the circumstance alluded to above. I am now free to express them. And hasten to relieve you from what must be an unpleasant suspense, by saying my hand is again proffered for your acceptance That you should judge me worthy

but thinking better of the mention of "another ---- with a full heart", he tucked the above in his portfolio, where it was later found, and began again the letter which he sent.

Farmington, O., Nov. 23, 1859

Miss Olive S. Jerome;

Your welcome letter came to hand by the last mail. I need not say I found pleasure in reading it. How could it be otherwise. I thank you for the frank and generous answer you were pleased to make to my question in relation to your affection for one so unworthy as myself. As circumstances now stand I do not know what suitable return I could make you for this kindness, other than to follow the prompting of my own heart and say, the hand that was offered you last summer is still free. The heart that asked permission to love you then, will rejoice when you shall grant it full permission. It is so, wilt thou be mine? Yes, if I am judged worthy to receive the rich treasure of your affections, then "my heart shall be thine, thine my love".

You have doubtless considered well and will be ready to give your final answer immediately. My hand is offered for your acceptance. If it is accepted you may expect me at your father's on Friday evening or Saturday, next after receiving your response which if sent as before will reach me on Friday next I presume.

The above call on the precarious condition, that the weather be not very bad, or the roads. These being not suitable, be not disappointed if I send a letter instead. If I come I must make the trip and be at home, and in school, on Monday.

Affectionately, Yours,

To Olive

James Greer

Orange, Nov. 30, 1859

Prof. Greer,--

Wednesday night has come again, and brought me another letter from F. I have been trying to prepare myself for an answer different from the one I have received, but the test of my success has not come.

I accept your hand, Professor, and fear that it is just because you have my heart that I do so, for when I look into the future and see the responsibility, and then think of my inexperience and want of ability I almost tremble. It is not wicked to wish to be perfect is it? If wishing would bring perfection I would be perfection's self. But I went to Farmington when quite young, you have been my teacher for some time and I have never tried to dissemble in the least. So I think there are but few better acquainted with me than yourself. And I am glad that it is so-- for knowing my imperfections as you do, I reason that your love for me must be sufficient for you to think that you can bear with them and help me to try to overcome them. Else you would not write as you do. So I am very happy in feeling that I love you and am loved in return.

I am hoping that the roads and weather will be very fine the last of next week.

Perhaps this may not reach you by Friday as the weather is bad and we live some distance from the office.

Yours affectionately,

Prof. James Greer

Olive

James had made his visit to the Jerome home before the next letter

which he wrote on his thirty-sixth birthday.

Farmington, Dec. 16, 1859

My Dear Olive,

It is Friday night again, and I have just come down from Literary, and am alone. My thoughts can not stay at F. "Where the heart is, there the thoughts are also". How I wish you were by my side, dearest, tonight as I cast aside the labor and care of another week. It were so sweet to pour into the ear of affection the feelings and emotions that struggle in the heart. And to hear your loving accents beguiling of care and cheering to effort. But long miles intervene. As the best I could do, I have turned to my drawer and taken your last letter and read it over again. Ah! there it is, "I accept your hand". Words laden with bliss! May God grant that you may never have reason to regret their use. I know the responsibility is great, not so much on my account, but because of the calling of the ministry into which it has pleased God to place me, a helper to which sacred office, you become, as I trust, by a no less direct appointment of his grace.

The profession promises less in this life, than in that which is to come. But I have reason to believe that you have well considered this point, and that you, as well as myself, will gladly forgo the pleasures of a fixed home for the sake of seeking and saving the lost, and thus be treasuring up bliss for our home above. I know the responsibility is great and the trials considerable. but God will give us grace, and we shall help one another.

I know it is in your heart to "be perfection's self". But then, if it were so, how could you get along with one so far from such a standard as your proposed husband? Perfection joined to such imperfection would be quite incongruous. But, dearest, we may be perfect in love, as well toward each other as toward God. And this will furnish ready excuse for any little failures and imperfections. I feel we shall be happy in each other's love. Together we will brave life's trials, and together taste its sweets. Gladly would I make you the partner of my joys without so much as letting you hear of its sorrows and disappointments; but too well do I know the nature of true love, which demands to share even these. Well, let them come as come they must to all; in your love I shall be the stronger for the conflict.

I have thought more concerning the time of our union and am inclined to think perhaps, the spring vacation will be more desirable, all things considered, than the summer. If we are to stay at the Seminary next year I should prefer it decidedly. If not I suggest whether it is not more desirable that we become accustomed to our new relation a little before being thrown among strangers, possibly in some village or town, where less experience would be more embarrassing.

I noticed you were entertaining fears or anxieties, I would better say, as to your experience in domestic duties. And your good mother expressed the same in connection with the kind acknowledgement she was pleased to make of her satisfaction with your choice. I hope sincerely you will not give yourself one unhappy moment from such needless fears.

School has been pleasant this week.

Give my love to Pa and Ma. Write soon.

Affectionately,

To Olive

James Greer

Olive's next letter contains a lock of her dark brown heavy hair.

Orange, Dec. 24, 1859

Dear Professor,-

Your very kind, and welcome epistle came to me yesterday morning just before schooltime. I had been wishing that the duties of the day were over and that I might be at home, pursuing and then answering your expected letter. But, happily, I did not have to wait so long for the greater pleasure - and from some cause my spirits rose and the duties of teaching seemed lighter than usual. Today, I am at home and the time is passing pleasantly, for I love to write letters, especially to -- well no matter.

I just now read these words "gladly forego the pleasures of a fixed home." Yes, I think I can gladly do so. I have thought of it some. I know that the pleasures of a fixed home are great. But there must be a pleasure in foregoing them if by so doing we think we please our Heavenly Father, and is not that pleasure greater because it is purer? I, also, "trust" that it is "God" that is leading me in the path now before me. The thought of my unworthiness some times almost overwhelms me, and I should shrink from treading it had I not realized something of the power of his grace - and from the past may I not look with trust to the future? And I feel so happy in your love. Perhaps, I speak too impulsively-- pardon me, wont you? It seems that with you I shall be more aloof from the vices of this world, and yet not so far - nor would I be - that my heart might yearn for those under their influence.

You speak of the trials, but I sometimes think, no trials, no joys -- so if the trials are greater will not also the joys be greater even in this world! "Gladly would I make you the partner of my joys without so much as letting you hear of its sorrows and disappointments". Ah! I should be far from happy under such circumstances.

The reasons, for placing the time for our union as you did, are good, I am content.

I am getting on with my school very pleasantly. We have formed ourselves into a Literary S. and have had one meeting. The performances were better than I expected. I was appointed President and was not quite as scared as I used to be last winter before all those learned Profs at F. when I was Secretary.

Please write how little Emma's health is.

Yours in affection,

Prof. James Greer

Olive

Farnington, Jany. 2. 1860

My dear Olive:

Yours of the 24 ult. is before me. Anxiety had become intense before its arrival, though I believe it made all possible speed, taking the first mail etc. It gives me unfeigned pleasure to know that you are well & enjoying yourself in school. I too like to write letters, and especially to receive them from one I love so well. Words of love give cheer to the heart and strength to the will. The duties of life do go more pleasantly on when we hear them.

I am glad, indeed, that you are able to look upon the itinerant mode of life so favorably. Were it otherwise I could not look to the future without pain. For how could I forgive myself for soliciting the hand of her whom I love so well when my duties were of such a character as to put her to perpetual annoyance?

But God who doeth all things well directs and will direct. "Is not that pleasure greater because it is purer?" undoubtedly, it is when it is enjoyed by the willing and obedient. I thank you for the suggestion; it is a happy thought, and I hope I may never forget it, especially when tempted to covet the pleasures less pure and elevated.

"And I feel so happy in your love". Not more so than I do in yours. May our Heavenly Father grant it always be so,

I attended a watchnight meeting in Bristol Saturday evening. Preached to the People then and on the following morning and came home to F. and spoke to the people in the evening. Had a good meeting. School is going pleasantly. Am going up town a couple of miles to marry a happy pair to-morrow evening. Wish you were going along.

Emma is tolerably well, has been quite ill for two or three weeks. She has had a very bad cold, but is better.

Louisé is well, thinks her beloved (Hamilton) will be home in the spring.

This is the seventh week of School. The winter will soon be gone. The spring vacation will soon be here. Glad of it too.

Oh! by the way, whom do you propose to have officiate upon the bridal day. Were it mine to suggest I would mention Elder N. Hill, but the day is yours and all the ceremonies are at your disposal. Of course you will feel perfectly free to write me all your wishes and make any inquiries &c just as freely now as though we were already united.

Affectionately,
Yours till Death.
James Greer

Orange, Jan. 14, 1860

Dear Prof.

As I take my pen to converse with you again, Fancy; for a moment, suggests a pleasanter mood and bids you be here. You are obedient and it seems unnecessary to pain this paper with the rude impressions of the pen. But, O dear! just as I am scaling Fancie's tower, stern reality comes to remind me that it is only through Uncle Sam's beneficence that we may converse today. Well, really, Uncle Sam is very indulgent.

It is Saturday again. Another week's labor is finished -- all went pleasantly yet we love to think our task complete however pleasant. But the thought comes, another week's labor is just at hand - yes and not only a weeks but a year's, for today completes my twentieth year. Our labors will cease with our years, and the harder the labor the sweeter will be the rest that will follow us in this world.

Tomorrow will be my first day of Freedom you see. Of course I hail it with delight. But then, it will not last long! Here I must lay down my pen long enough to get a catalogue of the W.R.S.E.M. and see just when vacation does come. "It will soon be here truly. then will be the bridal day-- I like the proposal you made, that Elder M. Hill shōuld officiate. It would not be my mind to make much parade, on said day- but have all done quietly. I have no definite plan; however, and any suggestion you may make will be happily received.

Please write how it would meet your mind for us not to commence housekeeping in the spring. I have so little time to make the necessary preparations and it would be more convenient for Pa to assist me in the summer, than so early in the spring.

I hear that Anna is well liked in Willoughby. She writes that she likes the school very well, has eight classes among them are Algebra, Latin, Geometry and History. I think she must be very busy. Janette's school averages fifty. Mine, I think, is the easiest lot.

Was glad to hear that Emma was better. Please dont get to thinking again that "your" lungs are iron.

Yours affectionately

Olive

Orange, Feb. 4, 1860

Dear Professor,-

I received your kind letter last Wednesday eve a short time before our Literary was called to order; but short as was the time I took occasion to occupy a part of it in listening to your words, or if not exactly listening, I like to imagine it so.

It is Saturday eve. It has been a beautiful winter day and father, mother and I have been to see some cousins about five miles away.

My pen is inclined to talk so fast tonight that I fear you can hardly make out what it says.

I thank you for telling Mrs. Miller what you did tell about our being special friends. You were very thoughtful, had you not done so she might have said something to Anna or Janette which would have led them to suspect and I want to surprise them. We were much pleased to see Mr. and Mrs. Miller. I enjoyed the visit with them. I suppose they told you about my going to Willoughby with them.

I think I see, Professor, that you had rather commence housekeeping in the spring. You speak of commencing with an establishment not quite complete. I shall be willing to do so. It dont appear to me that our happiness will be much lessened by the lack of a few household commodities, and I think it will be fine to be my own mistress and see how I can make things stand around.

The trouble with Pa's money is that other people have it and cannot let him have it in the spring- but then he has enough so that I shall be contented, I think, and he will not be inconvenienced. I shall be much pleased to have Louise live with us.*

I am reading the life of Charlotte Brontë, a late English authoress- and am much entertained with it,

We are all quite well and should be very happy were it not for Alfred, he does no better. We almost cease to hope for his reformation sometimes.

I was sorry to hear that Emma was sick again. Four weeks more of School, the winter seems long,

Yours affectionately,
Olive.

* Comment: This is Louisa Green whom James had in a sense adopted and who was attending the seminary. She married his brother Hamilton.

Farmington, O. Feb. 6 1860

My dear Olive;

I have not yet received an answer to my last, but send this without waiting. The few days just past have been days of great anxiety to me and I felt that you would be interested and gladly share could you be here. Emma has been very sick for a month with lung fever I do not know what the result is to be, but she is better today. How thankful I shall be if she can be spared to me and enjoy health. She has grown finely, and become very interesting, so gentle and affectionate. I have feared sometimes she was too fair a flower to be permitted to stay in this rude world. The Lord's will be done. Yet my heart fondly pleads "Spare the child".

We are having some revival influence here; two of the students forward for prayers tonight in the chapel. Many are serious. May the Lord pour down his salvation. I preached last night to an attentive audience. Have preached some 6 or 8 times since New Years eve; exhorted and sung too a great deal. I do not know but your caution was needed. But I seem to stand labor very well.

I was just looking at the catalogue and I see that our vacation this spring is only a little over a week long.

Will you please mention in your reply what day you prefer for our wedding, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday? If Br. Hill's Qr. meeting is not in your circuit the first Sabbath after our close it could not be on Sunday. Perhaps Tuesday night suit as well. If it should happen to be quarterly meeting time, would it not be pleasnt to attend church, stand before the alter and then return home without parade? How I wish I could step into your room and chat with you a little upon this interesting topic.

Yours affectionately,

James Greer

Mails were slow in 1860, for it is twelve days before this letter reaches Olive, though the distance was across but two counties.

Orange, Feb. 18, 1860

Dear Professor,

I did not receive yours of the sixth till tonight. How I wish our mail came oftener, I think I can share with you some in your anxiety for little Emma, it has been a long time since you wrote. I trust she is better now. Please write very often.

I was glad to hear of the revival influence - but I fear I am growing cold in religion this winter - there is but one praying family in the district in which I teach - yet the fault is my own. I ought to live above it. Pray for me.

Perhaps it would be best not to mention it, but it seems to me that you are laboring very hard.

The Qr. Meeting here is today and tomorrow. I had thought all along it would be pleasant to be married in church but did not know it would please you. But now we cannot be. So I will say Tuesday. I had thought of inviting a few friends here - but they would all be strangers to you and I would be as well pleased, - yes, I think, better, to have one or two present beside parents and brothers, and to have the ceremony performed in the morning and we start immediately for F. Now here is some of my planning- but please to remember that I am not at all set about this one's being followed.

Only ten days more of school, when they are passed I shall have taught five months, since leaving F. last summer.

I hope to hear in your next that Emma is better.

Yours affectionately,

Olive

I have just been reading over the lines I have written and think them very poor- but please think them written after having taught all day- and with just enough cold in my head to make me feel very dull. That "shall have taught five months" looks like boasting- but I did not mean to for I ought to have done much more than I have and that better.

James' last letter encloses a lock of little Emma's light bright brown hair.

Farmington O. Feb. 27, 1860

Dear Olive,

Yours of the 4th and 18th inst. are before me. If the mails dont carry news more rapidly I shall be obliged to carry the response to your next in person.

I have just come in from prayer meeting and am quite weary. I preached last evening Brs. Pinney and Grover being absent. Some six came forward for prayers; so we thought best to have meeting tonight for their benefit. There is still much religious interest.

I am not decided as to whether it is best to begin keeping house this spring or not. There is not much time to get fixed, only one week to do everything; and just as likely as not roads bad, and weather bad, and then if we take a circuit at conference it would be double trouble. I guess I will see further whether I can obtain a suitable boarding place. How would it do to go to Father's? I suppose they would be very glad indeed to have it so. But I suppose they do not yet suspect that we are to be married. I must tell them a few days before it happens.

I have thought of looking at rooms at Dr. Jones. I think I will do so. I suppose Mr. Chuncey Taft (Aunt Nancy) could furnish the most pleasant rooms. How would you like it there! Well which would you rather, come to the Seminary or board?

"Tuesday" well that will suit I think. If it should suit brother Hill better would Monday evening suit and then start as mentioned on Tuesday morning. Don't know as it would. I shall see him, I hope, at the Qr. Meeting at Middlefield next Sabbath and will arrange with him &c.

Act your own pleasure as to whom and how many you will have present.

Emma has got well and seems fine in spirits again. She recovered very rapidly. Was very sick, I suppose you will pardon the weakness, but her Father thinks her very interesting.

I shall be in Orange on Monday 12 of March. It is likely business will require my presence here till then.

Affectionately,

James Greer

What changed the details we do not know, but they were married March 10, 1860, by the Rev. Benjamin Excell, and began their housekeeping in the lower left rooms of the Seminary. Here on the 14th of April, 1861, their first child, Sarah Lavina Greer, was born and named after her two grandmothers Sarah Elliot Greer and Lavina Sabin Jerome. As the young mother lay in her room she heard the boys drilling on the campus, for the civil war had started.

In another year the "Itinerant Life" had begun. A Methodist minister was kept on the move. Two years in a pastorate was the usual period. In 1862 the Rev. James Greer was in Mercer, Penn. Loving music, he proposed the purchase of an organ, but some of the congregation objected. He asked them why it was wrong to have an organ in church when there were harps in heaven. He had studied Lyle's Geology and was not literal in his interpretation of the Bible. The story of creation represented days of "cosmic" length, were not a thousand years as a day to the Lord? But he avoided controversy and knew he was a little ahead of his time.

In 1863 he was in Painesville, Ohio. In 1864 and 5 he was in Newcastle, Pennsylvania. The congregation gave him a big reception, and, since it was the high tide of the war and all things were tinged with patriotism, they presented him with 150 one dollar bills pinned on a large flag. It was here that the United Presbyterian Synod met, and knowing that they were averse not only to organs but to singing hymns, he helped to procure psalm books for them to read in unison.

From her little girl memory Sarah writes, "The parsonage was one of a row of brick houses as like as peas in a pod. There was a fireplace in every room and the lyre-legged table that Sarah has was in the parlor. Across the road and down the street was the great red brick church. On Sunday morning both sides of the street were filled with hitched horses

and carriages. Suddenly a burst of music would come from the church so stirring that the horses danced in their places. Ira D. Sankey was leadingg the singing. It was here that Moody found him.

"At night across the way and far down in the other direction the rolling mills stretched their open fronts, glowing white in the darkness, while the naked bodies of the workers ran back and forth above the molten metal, apparently in the air, really on tracks not visible in the distant glow.

"On the 15" of April, 1865, as a birthday treat, my father took me down town past the church, over the canal bridge, but he did not talk that day. He allowed me to loiter, looking down the canal boats below, but my little girl questions brought no replies. He did not see what I saw. On the bridge we saw a man approaching. Both men removed their hats, silently clasped hands, looked at each other with tearful eyes and passed on. Down town the buildings were draped with black. The shop keepers sitting outside their idle business houses waited for the day to end. As he passed they would rise to meet their pastor in a stricken way and silently return to their doorways. Lincoln was dead."

In Newcastle, Janes had a hemorrhage of the throat. He was given release for time from preaching, continuing the pastoral work. In 1866, 67 and 68 he was "on Cleveland District" as presiding elder, work that kept him more in the open air, driving from place to place.

From 1869 to 1873 he was presiding elder in the Ravenna District; and his last year was in Akron, Ohio, where in a few months he doubled the membership of the Second Church.

Mary remembers quite a few things about these Ravenna days. "Father coming home from a hunting trip with squirrels, grey and black, Someone coming and standing up beside the square piano and baptizing John,

the baby. The German music teacher who came to give the children music lessons, and after the lesson, playing with many flourishes. One day after he left, father closed the door, came back and sat down at the piano and mimicked the 'professor' - bouncing up and down on the stool and gesticulating elaborately, while the children shrieked with laughter."

She remembers playing bear on the floor with him and sitting on his lap, combing his long reddish beard and dark brown wavy hair. He had grey blue eyes. One day when Mary ran away she saw her father coming. He saw the guilty look on her face and, instead of punishing her, he asked her if she didn't want to see how pottery was made in the nearby pottery, and took her in to watch the potter at his wheel.

But the oldest daughter, Sarah, now thirteen, watched with apprehension her adored father, standing in the pulpit. When the white handkerchief went to his face would it come away stained by hemorrhage?

Louis Miller of the Altman, Miller Co., makers of Buckeye Mowers and Reapers, a wealthy man of Akron, was a friend. At dinner in Mr. Miller's home with Bishop Vincent, James Greer helped to plan the great Chataqua movement, which Vincent lived to carry out. James invested about a thousand dollars in the Altman Miller Company as security for his family, who might need it.

Grandmother and grandfather Jerome, who had been over for a visit from Mayfield in their shining carriage with its fine horses, had just driven away and James was in the yard playing croquet with the children when he suddenly put his handkerchief to his mouth and went into the house, took a basin in the kitchen and went to his room.

It was two weeks later, 18 June, 1874, the doctor gave no hope but he lay so quiet and easy through the day that his wife almost began to hope that he was better, but about four o'clock it was plain that death

was near. The children were called and came one by one for a little message of counsel from their quiet father, "Be a good child and help your mother". Sarah, her arms tight about her mother in an agony of responsibility watched his face. He looked up, "Has the time come?" His wife nodded. He looked at the blueness of his hands. He beckoned them close and then said slowly and distinctly, "It is the Lord we will not be afraid". After a little he said, "Can they not sing Rock of Ages?" A member of his choir led them. At the end he said "Amen" and quietly sank away. It was peaceful like his life.

And Sarah never let the burden of the responsibility of that moment slip. For a long life time her home was the center for her father's children and grandchildren. A problem child might sit beside her in Church and in the uplift of the place her thought was, "Here is where my father's grandchild should be". When someone came to recover from an operation at her already too full house, she stilled any rebellion with, "Of course she is my father's child".

Mr. Miller came and took the family home with him and the funeral was in the big Grace Church.

It was said of James Greer that "he had two back bones, one in his upper lip". And again,

"As a preacher his discourse was clear and forcible expositions of the Bible doctrines, earnest exhortations to holy living, and affectionate appeals to sinners to seek the way of salvation. He was an example of pure, chaste conversation, read and known of all men with whom he came in contact. In this he was constantly guarded, remembering that evil communications corrupt good manners. He was always the gentleman. Though not a revivalist in the common acceptation, many will be "the gems in his crown of rejoicing" when the master rakes up his jewels. As a pastor he was faithful even beyond his bodily strength. The poor and the sick blessed him. He taught as a doctrine that children belonged to the household of faith, the church. As teacher, pastor, presiding elder or Christian friend, he was a wise counsellor with whom the honor of the master's cause and kingdom were always first."

Children of James Greer

and Cornelia Tubbs Greer 1. Emma Cornelia Greer
 b. 16 Oct. 1857 at W. Farmington, O.
 d. 25 June 1905 Worcester, Mass.
 m. 10 Mar. 1880 James Fenton McCausland
 children
 Isabelle, Howard, Vesta, Paul and
 Neva McCausland

and Olive Jerome Greer 2. Sarah Lavina Greer
 b. 14 Apr. 1861 at W. Farmington, O.
 m. 31 Oct. 1888 Edwin S. Slater
 child Marion Slater

3. Jerome Greer
 b. 21 Feb. 1863 at Mercer, Penn.
 m. 8 Mar. 1899 Winifred Sears
 children
 James, Sarah and Ruth Greer

4. Vesta Olive Greer
 b. 31 Mar. 1865 at Newcastle, Pa.
 m. 5 July 1893 Harmon V.S. Peeke
 children
 James, Raymond, Susan, Harriet,
 Alonzo, Edwin and Olive Peeke

5. Mary Elliot Greer
 b. 16 Dec. 1867 at Painesville, O.
 m. 17 Sept. 1890 Rev. Ernest A. Bell
 children
 Olive, Clare, Reginald, Eleanor, Harold,
 Jesse and Elizabeth Bell

6. John Kingsley Greer
 b. 19 Jan. 1870 at Ravenna, O.
 d. 18 Sept. 1918 at Gates Mills, O.
 m. 7 Feb. 1900 Dora Covert
 child Paul Kingsley Greer

7. Frank Sabin Greer
 b. 4 Feb. 1873 at Ravenna, O.
 m. 1) 1904 Agnes Flynn
 child Jerome Greer
 m. 2) 5 Nov. 1909 Alice Kenniston

For further information on descendants of Rev. James Greer, see
 chapter in the supplement.

Olive Jerome Greer was thus left at thirty-five with seven children. The Methodist church provided a very small pension. The investment in Altman Miller proved illusory. Following the panic of 1873 the first firm failed, but Mr. Miller came in distress to offer what he could in place of the thousand dollars. His beautiful rosewood square piano was the result and on this Vesta learned to play brilliantly.

Olive's father was getting old and his aid, though loving, was sometimes confused, but he helped his daughter select a house in Willoughby, Ohio, which he purchased with her insurance money. It was a spacious house near schools. Grandma and Grandpa Jerome had the large down stairs bedroom with dressing room and bath off of it. The two large parlors with lace curtained French windows were carpeted with Brussel's carpet in a scattered pattern of large roses. There were four bedrooms upstairs; dining room, pantry and two kitchens and porches below. It was an old house built by the Boyces.

After the grandparents' deaths, Aunty Sisson boarded with Olive for some time, the jeweller with the club foot came in for meals, during the week girls who were attending Willoughby College came. Aunt Mary Woolsey, who was blind and had a niece to take care of her, had the back parlor till she died.

There was a vegetable garden with which the children helped.

Soon the daughters were teaching school in the summer. Thus they all bravely struggled through till most of them had college educations.

In 1887 it seemed wise for Mother Greer to move to Nebraska. Her two youngest, John and Frank, had been restless youths who had needed the wise influence of a father who was gone. Perhaps the west was the place for them. Vesta helped to pack them up. A half freight car took her household gear to York, Nebraska, where a new Methodist college was

beginning. The treeless prairie was a very different place from Ohio, but the air was very clear and the clothes bleached beautifully white. Then the new college combined with another beginning at University Place near Lincoln. Here they moved again. Jerome was a good carpenter and the boys built their mother a house. It was still unfinished when Sarah was married there 31 Oct. 1888.

John was working at a printing press the day of the great blizzard of 1888 when so many lost their lives. Starting home for supper he realized there was only one way to guide himself, and, on hands and knees, he felt along the edge of the wooden sidewalk and so arrived when hundreds perished.

Mary attended Nebraska Wesleyan and graduated in its first class. In her mother's home, she was married 17 Sept. 1890.

Olive was surrounded by young people of the college but her strength was failing and her home too hard for her. She suffered much at the last and died of cancer of the liver on May 27, 1891 and is buried in the Wyeuka cemetery in Lincoln.

Her house was long used by a fraternity and known as the Greer house.

For many years she taught a Sunday School class of young men. Although always prepared for the class, she never seemed to be preparing. She had the carriage of a princess and the beautiful reserve of a lady, and unselfishly and serenly carried the duties of a life that would have seemed hard to many.

IV. MARY ELLIOT GREER (dau. James³, John², Valentine¹)
 b. 16 Dec. 1867 at Painesville, Ohio
 m. 17 Sept. 1890 at Lincoln, Nebraska
 Rev. Ernest A. Bell (son of Jonadab and Mary Ann Stevens Bell)
 children

(Miriam) Olive Bell	b. 20 July 1891 at Oxford, Eng.
Clare Ernestine Bell	b. 8 Nov. 1892 at Madras, India
Reginald Bell	b. 31 Jan. 1894 at Jubbulpore, India
Eleanor Bell	b. 19 Aug. 1895 at St. Joseph, Mo.
Harold Philip Bell	b. 20 Nov. 1897 at Chicago, Ill.
Jesse Greer Bell	b. 11 May, 1900 at Austin, Chicago
(Frances) Elizabeth Bell	b. 16 July 1901 at Maywood, Ill.

MARY ELLIOT GREER BELL

The following account of her life is a cooperative story, a sort of string of beads of remembered incidents, some contributed by Mary, more contributed by various of her children. Of the inner autobiography of her life and experience we can get from her few words. Her work has been practical, objective, devoted to the family around her. Many of the remembered events are thus largely of the children, to whom she was the stability of the world.

On her father's forty-third birthday, 16 Dec. 1867, in Painesville, Ohio, Mary Elliot Greer was born. Her first memories were of Ravenna, Ohio. Her first little chum and life-long friend was Lydia Lord (Davis), whose remarkable father made a great impression on little Mary. He was a tall man from the waist up so that he looked in a carriage like a six footer (he had been married sitting in a carriage) but he had had infantile paralysis and never walked - except on his hands. He went about the streets of Ravenna in a little wagon which he propelled with two spiked canes which filled all the wooden sidewalks with little holes. He curried his horses from a large leather strap loop he had rigged in the barn. No wonder this courageous man impressed the mind of Mary.

In Akron, when she was six, Mary remembered her father playing games with the children. She remembered going to his room for his dying message -

quiet and sweet so that no thought of fear or danger reached her little heart. Then Mrs. Lord came and took her for the summer to be with Lydia. They both wanted the same doll and Lydia bit Mary. Whereupon Lydia's mother bit Lydia and cured her of that habit. When Mary went home she was seated on the front seat of the train near the stove and the conductor, all alone.

Mary remembered her first visit to the dentist. Her mother took her up an outside stairway, to the office but she was so frightened that when her mother spoke to the dentist she was down the stairway and out of sight and had to be retrieved later. Once, when visiting, she went high up in a swing and woke up in bed. Once, when ill with scarlet fever, she was left alone a moment while everyone rushed out to see a livery stable fire and she tottered out from her sick bed after them.

In Willoughby she entered school. Her first teacher was a little wren of a woman who married a huge farmer and brought up six huge sons. When Mary was a teacher, herself, she went there for dinner.

Mary usually wore to school a wool dress over which was a pinafore, long sleeved, with a ruffle around the neck and strings that tied at the waist in back. Often the pinafore was of brown checked gingham. Her stockings were white, hand knit by Grandma Jerome. Her shoes, made to order by Mr. Fowler the cobbler, had laces and copper toes.

There were always Sunday shoes too of fine kid with thin turned soles. Black stockings came in when she was about sixteen and were worn for a generation. In winter she wore a hood.

When about twelve, Mary went to Farmington to visit Grandpa Greer's comfortable home with its great number and variety of roses in the yard and the birds singing in the blossoming apple orchard. There was an

anniversary at the Seminary and Mary listened to see if they mentioned her father, and they did.

Once when a fire nearby sent blazing brands onto the roof, Mary in her stocking feet carried pails of water from a window up over the roof to where Jerome was snatching blazing shingles. The minister stood in the window wringing his hands and saying, "You mustn't do that". Mary was too busy carrying water to laugh as she wished.

She entered High School in Willoughby where the principal gave most excellent work in mathematics, which Mary especially enjoyed. After high school she visited Sarah, who was attending Oberlin College and then went east to be for a little while with her half sister, Emma, to help her with her two babies. News came here of the death of Grandpa Greer. A little legacy from him made it seem possible for her to go to Allegheny College the next year. Emma's husband gave her a fine piece of blue broadcloth which she had cut and draped by a tailor and the buttonholes down the basque done by a seamstress. The picture with Vesta shows the dress.

Mary had only one year at Meadville, 1885-86. She lived at Hulings Hall. Her subjects were surveying, advanced algebra, plane geometry. She took an exam in solid geometry and circular geometry, had trigonometry, natural philosophy (physics), three terms of French, one term of Virgil, and made up a book or two, took Horaces Odes in the same class with Ernest Bell. This did not impress her at the time. She did a lot of reading. It was the first time she had been in touch with a good library. She read Franklin's Autobiography, Pendennis, Vanity Fair, Novels by Scott, etc. She had no outside activities but the boys came to the dormitory for meals. There was a series of tableaux in the old Stone Church and Mary was Evangeline to a Senior student's Gabriel. At the end of the year Ernest

asked if he might correspond with her. She replied indignantly, "Of course not". It was five years before she heard from him again.

Her year at Meadville cost her two hundred ninety-two dollars.

The next year she taught at Wait Hill across the river from Willoughby - everything from the alphabet to Shakespeare. She was given twenty-eight dollars a month, out of which she paid for five days board a week. She had about twenty pupils and no supervisor. She felt she was especially successful in arithmetic. The discipline was hard on her. There were some big boys - nice, all but one whose father was on the board and who thought he could do as he pleased. One day Mary could stand him no longer and asked two other boys to hold him so that she could whip him, which she did roundly. Then she was sure she had lost her job and went home and wept. The Tryon children told their father who was chairman of the board and he found Mary and put his arm around her and said it was all right and not to worry.

1886-7 was the year of the removal to Nebraska. "It was only a bare treeless wind-swept prairie when we went there", Mary wrote, "The wind was terrible. I'm sure it blew me straight to India." Mary's next two years were at Nebraska Wesleyan where she took the courses available, Chemistry with new equipment from Germany, Botany, Calculus, and Latin with Prof. Weightman Levy who lived to be 100. She also taught Mathematics, Algebra and Geometry, and the next year by taking an examination on Guizot's, "History of Civilization", she graduated in the first graduating class of the infant college, June, 1890. The class gift was little sticks of elms set out on the prairie in rows. They are now great trees.

In the last year of college she heard from Ernest. When he grew serious she wrote she could make no decision without seeing him, so he

came out to Nebraska and preached on Sunday. Mary's mother thought he preached well. The young man thus on trial before his lady, forgot the Lord's Prayer. He was asking Mary not only to marry him, but to go to India with him. Going to India seemed very interesting. Vesta was teaching in China. How little were young missionaries of that day prepared for the task ahead! The women of the church helped with her simple sewing and she wrote gravely to Isabella Thoburn in India, who had been a Sunday School teacher in her father's church, at Newcastle, to ask about needs.

She was married to the Rev. Ernest A. Bell 17 September 1890 in her mother's home in Lincoln. Their wedding journey took them to Chicago where they visited James Graff, prospective husband of Ernest's sister, Frances. It was dreadfully cold in Chicago. They visited in Willoughby and then went to Ernest's mother's in Meadville. Here Mary stayed while Ernest went to conference, then they attended John Bell's wedding to Mary's good friend Ellen Chesbrough who had first introduced Mary and Ernest. John and Ellen were hoping to go to Syria.* They visited sister Emma in Hyde Park and went to a big reception in the Cambridgeport M.E. Church where Ernest had preached in the summer. Plans changed. It was not India but Oxford where they were to spend the next year.

On the ocean they read a book given them by Oliver Huckle, Dante's "New Life", with the autograph of D. Norton, the translator, on the flyleaf. Oliver Huckle was a classmate who became famous as preacher and author. They landed at Liverpool; and Mary was delighted with a day in quaint Chester. She was amused when the verger in the cathedral proudly showed her American stoves just installed. They went right on to Oxford, arriving on Guy Fawkes' Day.

* Their hope did not materialize.

They found humble lodgings in St. Mary's Road with Mrs. Pusey, whose husband was cook at Queen's college. The bells on Sunday morning were delightful. St. Barnabas Church and the Gardens of the Cowley fathers, the meadows along the Thames River, were all enchanting. They used to go to New College Chapel to see the setting sun through Joshua Reynold's windows. They had permission to read in the Bodleian Library. They visited the kitchens of Queen's College with their landlord. When Lady Sonerset gave a temperance lecture, Mary, who was lonesome and homesick, dragged Mrs. Pusey with her. Daughter of an American minister Mary had been taught to make no class distinctions, but Mrs. Pusey, worthy soul, "Knew her place", and was very miserable. At Christmas they had permission to see the ceremony of the Boar's head at Queen's. The great head was brought in on a board with an apple in its mouth. Mr. Pusey brought them home a taste of it.

Mr. and Mrs. Soutar invited them in for high tea. He was a Scotsman and retired civil engineer from India. They lived in the house owned by Mrs. Humphrey Ward and in which she had written "Robert Ellesmere". Mrs. Soutar was quite scandalized at the short baby clothes Mary was making. They would be all right for home use but in public they should be long!

Mary was alone in Mrs. Soutar's house when news came of her mother's death. Ernest was in London and the world looked big and home far away. She stood in front of the Grandfather clock and watched the hands go round and cried and cried.

The baby, Miriam Olive, came in July. The baker in his white smock stopped to weigh it judiciously in his accustomed hand, "Nine Pounds", he reckoned.

Mrs. Soutar sent the long embroidered cape and 'pelise' that Olive still has. This summer they took the baby to the meadows and laid her on a blanket and read "Lalla Rook" while the meadow larks soared up, up.

Ernest studied Sanskrit and Tamil. Professor Pope said he had done three years work in one. India was really ahead. They found new rooms in a quaint stone house, Miss Bly's, across from Iffley Church. In the old Norman church the baby was baptized.

Finally, such preparations for India as could be made were finished. They were in London for several days, in the museum, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, Fleet Street, then aboard ship. The boat was cast off. Mary saw Ernest still talking to the agent on the dock. He ran, seized a rope and came up hand over hand, to a very white faced wife.

The "Monbasa" was a miserable old ship, put the next year into the African coast trade, and the captain was tipsy at Christmas, but though Ernest was as always seasick, Mary was a good sailor. The baby delighted all on board, being too responsive. Another six months old, blue-eyed girl in contrast was placid; and an experienced older woman told Mary that babies should not be stimulated. Rudyard Kipling's sister was on board and took charge of a program on the Mediterranean. The weather became warm, and Mary had no proper clothes. At Port Said she bought a shirt waist, all that was available, but it was a "vile pink". On the Red Sea it was blistering hot, but she watched with interest the dry bluffs of Arabia, the red sand, the camel trains and the desolate Rock of Aden.

At Colombo they took a coast steamer to Jaffna. They were met by a Mr. Smith with an American Carriage drawn by men (hence sprung the ginrickshaw) and taken to the Wesleyan Mission house, which had been a Dutch colonial Governor's house. Here an efficient missionary wife took charge of Mary and warmed her heart. Soon she was in the bungalow assigned them at

Uddy Putty. There was a lovely Tamil girl, Parapurinam, for nurse. The yard was grassless but gay with colored leaved crotons.

The water cooled by dripping from one porous jar to another. There was much tropic routine to learn and the tropic atmosphere was wilting. Jaffna is ten degrees north of the equator and ten feet above sea level. For one hundred days they were in Jaffna. Then Mary was taken desperately ill. A passing steamer was appealed to for ice and the native girls picked up the chips and handled them like coals, "Hot, hot". They had no word for cold. Later, a woven wire cot made in the mission industrial school was used for a stretcher, and faithful natives carried Mary out through shallow water to a waiting boat. Parapurinam followed with the baby, followed by the 'boy', a native sweeper and the nurse, and a race to the hills began.

They landed on the mainland Easter Sunday and went to a mission station. They travelled at night, Mary stretched on rugs in an ox-cart, Ernest holding a mirror to her lips to see if she still breathed. A native doctor was with them now. The baby, too, was sick. As they neared the hills Dr. Scudder came down and put Mary in a dooley - a sedan chair borne by runners - and he switched their legs when their walk became rhythmic to keep the patient steady. He carried a hypodermic in his hand ready if needed. There were great tree ferns along the way. Up the Eastern Ghats they mounted and with the altitude the air freshened and Mary revived. Eventually she sat up; but for some time the doctors came twice a day. They were at Kodai Kanal all summer and here baby Olive said her first words 'Pitty pul', pretty flower.

In the fall they went down to Madras. Saintly "Padre" Malcom Goldsmith took them in. His rooms were big, with a porch above the boys' school where Ernest was to teach. They boarded with Padre and in the cool of the

evening he sometimes took than driving along the bund. His brother was Dean of the Cathedral and the Dean's wife was also good to them. Missionaries of all denominations met, sometimes, together, with gorgeously dressed native women at the gatherings, too. Mary marveled at the richness and beauty of these natives.

Her second child, Clare Ernestine, was born 8 Nov. 1892 in the Madras Hospital, a big brick building open on all sides to the air.

In a birthday letter to Clare, Mary wrote, "I lay in bed this morning thinking about my hospital experience in Madras. How shocked the nurses were that father insisted on staying with me. In Oxford the doctor had shut him out and he nearly went crazy - hearing me all day and not knowing how things were going. There was no anaesthesia for mothers in those days and perhaps not now in England - - - and things didn't go just right for me --- - but an alert -- skillful Mohammedan came and saved the situation - - - Oh, well, it turned out all right and you were worth it." Clare weighed only five and a half pounds. She was christened in beautiful St. Georges cathedral. Her godfather, the Reverend Canon Dodson was absent, so Padre Goldsmith stood in his stead. Mrs. Westcot was godmother.

The days that followed were hard ones, psychologically, for Mary. Ernest was still unsettled in his labors. It was impossible to go back to Jaffna because of Mary's health. Believing as he did in the unity of the Christian church, Ernest considered and prepared for work in the church of England, but that involved reordination. This seemed an unsurmountable obstacle to Mary. Was the ordination of her father and her husband in the Methodist church to be repudiated? They seemed blocked on all sides and could not see their way plain. Mary turned to Bishop Thorburn, who had been a friend of her father's and who had first urged

Ernest to go to India. It hurt Mary's pride to have to appeal for a position for Ernest but she did so, and he told them of the opening in Jubbulpore in the Central Provinces, on a hot dry plateau. Mary could manage in this climate. She boarded with other missionaries who knew the customs of the country, and here her third child in three years was born, Reginald, 31 Jan. 1894. But Ernest, though ardently devoted to his mission, was not adjusting to the climate and was threatened with a complete breakdown. When Reginald was six weeks old they started for America. Mary took this long journey with three babies under three years of age and with a husband ill and broken with a sense of failure of his vision for his life, the man more care than the babies.

In the domestic economy, a young mother with a numerous family has need of security and help. A young father who has not found the channel of his life needs freedom to further train himself. Life is thus complicated. Fortunately, Mary had the practical mind that applied itself to the immediate task, and the friendly heart that enjoyed the people immediately around her. Her sister Sarah borrowed the oldest baby -- a borrowing that lasted on and off for more than twenty years. Mary's fourth child, Eleanor, was born 19 Aug. 1895, while they were in St. Joseph, Missouri with Ernest's brother, John, where Ernest was studying medicine for a few months.

Then Ernest had the little church in Bellevue, Missouri, near Omaha, a charming village on the high banks of the river. It was a pleasant place. Then Ernest took his family to Chicago that he might study in the Congregational Seminary and Mary struggled with poverty. When little Clare put water on the toes of her shoes to make them "shiny", Mary cried.

They found a little cottage at 1023 Wilcox, the outgrown home of friends in the church. Here on 20 November 1897, Harold was born.

Grandma (Mary Ann Stevens) Bell gave the new baby his first bath and, somehow, he was especially hers all her life thereafter. Eleanor, 27 months old, was not so enamored of Harold. When she saw her father carrying the little bundle of new baby she opened the back door and said "garbage". Ernest chuckled and started toward the garbage can. It was what Eleanor meant all right. Harold was still an infant when the family moved to Oak Park, 244 Clinton, where there were pleasant neighbors, the Elderkins and Halls among them. Ernest daily took the long trip into the city on the "L" and taught in the Deaconess Training School. Miss Manley and Mrs. Kuppinger were in his classes and were much impressed by his teaching. They were later to be associated with his work for many years. As Ernest looked out of the "L" windows he liked the tree-lined streets and comfortable homes and churches of Austin. He found a cottage at 5815 Randolph Street (now West End Ave.). A trolley line that had been built to connect Oak Park with the World's Fair passed the house and went near to Aunt Frances Graff's and Grandma's artistic and immaculate flat. Often red-cheeked little Harold, in his manly little reefer and red scarf, was put on the trolley in care of the conductor to take the ride back and forth alone.

Dear little old 'Grandma' Marble next door, one of the few souls in whom Mary could really confide, had need of an errand boy. She had a little coal skuttle of the size appropriate for a six year old so Rex went over to fill her stove and do other small errands. She would hang a red cloth in the window when she wanted him. One night, walking in his sleep, he peered out of the black window then started over in the snow. The other children wakened Mary and she gathered the confused little boy into bed with her and quietly rubbed his back.

The night that the twentieth century was born, Ernest had all the children brought down at midnight to sing the Doxology. Mary sat at the

little reed organ and played and Ernest explained that never again would any of them see a new century.

Here on Randolph Street, 11 May, 1900, Jesse was born. And here beside the base burner stove Mary daily arranged on a rack the little shirts and petticoats that she had made of fine flannel, and, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of his bath bathed Jesse while the older children looked on. She had a deft and delightful way with babies and always enjoyed them. The children were always about her feet. They watched her comb her long, heavy waving hair that fell to her knees, coiling it on her head and pinning it for many years with the same tortoise shell hair pins. Her eyes were lovely, too, large lustrous brown. Ernest was so proud of them. When Mary baked bread the children kneaded bits of dough, and very early they learned to take their little share of duties. The children's blocks were ever present and she would praise the children's castles on demand. As they grew older she played games with them, Parchesi, anagrams, all sorts of word games, rhyming games, Pit, Flinch, dominoes, checkers, croquinole, croquet. She could beat them and sometimes did, but somehow she managed to see that no child always lost or always won. Rules must be adhered to, and neither winning or losing was of great importance. Games were for fun. One long period in bed seemed, some years later, a useless waste of time till she thought of the hours that Jesse played games with her and she said, "Perhaps I never would have had a chance to be so close to him any other way."

There was always mending to be done, yet she never let a child go minus a button or without a proper patch. She remodeled clothes skillfully for individual needs. Her button holes and patches and darns were beautifully done. Her hemming was fine and even. She did not sew in the evening but after the games were played, the songs sung, and the children in

bed, she sometimes read a little or played her "Mendellsohn's Songs Without Words". She must have been starved for good music for she seldom could go to hear it and an organ recital in a church was a real treat and one or two symphony concerts and the Messiah. When the children were grown Clare took her to her first opera.

To feed her family on a very limited budget took ingenuity and Mary balanced her carbohydrates, fats and proteins with care. Vitamins had not been discovered but she never threw away the water in which she cooked her vegetables. "I can't throw food away", she said, and often added milk to the tasty liquors. She made wonderful bread, great double loaves of it, both white and graham because graham bread "was good for the family". Honey came in sixty-pound cans from a cousin's farm so that bread and honey was a staple of diet. There are memories of barrels of spicy "Northern Spy" apples from the same farm.

Sometimes on Sunday afternoon the children went to Washington Boulevard and sat on the curb and watched the procession of horses and carriages streaming by. There was every sort of vehicle from gaudy Tallyhos with liveried flunkies and ruffled ladies with parasols, through Victorias, surreys, buckboards, hansomas, men on horseback and occasionally ladies side saddle, almost never boldly astride. There were bicycles too, with ladies dressed in capes, bloomers and boots, riding them tandem with gentlemen in checked suits. As the children grew the procession changed. At first automobiles were occasional and cause for excitement, then they grew in number and variety and speed while the horses and carriages grew fewer and finally disappeared. The children still went over to the boulevard sometimes and named every kind of auto that passed but the procession was never again as picturesque as the old horse and buggy Sunday afternoon parade.

Ernest was preaching in a little church in the shadow of the South Chicago Steel Mills, in Irondale, and sometimes took Mary or one of the children on the thirty-mile long trolley ride to see his parishioners, the Barlows, where the soots and fumes were making inroads on their trim little house and flower garden.

When Ernest became pastor of the neighborhood church in Maywood the family moved to West Maywood and here, 16 July 1901, Beth (Frances Elizabeth) was born. Mary was desparately ill with eclampsia. She had had warning with swelling of her ankles but thought it only the result of ironing on hot days. When she recovered enough to travel she went up to Minneapolis for a time.

The older children remember Maywood with joy, its wide green fields of tall grass to play in, the railroad cars of glittering tin scraps on the American Can Company's spur of track across the fields behind the house, Grandma Woodward's black pony on which Rex, especially, rode with pride. It was here, too, that a shocked white-faced father called the children together to explain the enormous crime of McKinley's assassination by an anarchist. Another day Ernest picked up Jesse and ran across the fields with him to the nearest drug store to have his stomach pumped of the strychnine pills that a careless maid had left in the baby's reach. Ernest had not waited for a coat though it was cold and the children caught Mary's terror, but Ernest's prompt action saved the child.

Most of the years since the return from India Sarah Slater had had Olive. Now she also had Eleanor for three years. Each week Olive wrote a letter 'home' but when she went 'home' to Chicago it was to her more like visiting cousins in a strange place. She felt like Peter Pan a 'little betwixt and between', yet this belonging to two worlds gave to life an added touch of adventure. Olive never saw the home in Maywood nor

the next one at 2259 West Monroe St.

2259 Monroe Street was a typical Chicago flat, made of common light brick except the front which was of stone with a bay window. Up the back were wooden porches with a crisscross of wooden stair. Such buildings often stood on the rich flat plain of Chicago remote from other buildings with weedy vacant lots around them, a small green lawn in front, a high board fence around the back yard where grew not infrequently some little show of vegetables or flowers while down the alleys rattled the milk wagons and the 'Rags ol' Iron' men with their repeated call. One of their first days in this flat Beth was out on the back porch in her carriage and Mary sent nine year old Clare out to get her. A neighbor across the alley saw her pick up the baby under one arm, the pillows and blanket up under the other and disappear into the house. She gasped that so young a child should so nonchalantly handle a baby. To the bewilderment of the children this family was also named Bell. (No relation). Grand times were had with the little girls of the families dramatizing fairy stories and Clare pieced a quilt with them. Rex and a boy in the next flat built a playhouse between the two buildings, nailing it to the supports of the wooden porches a story and a half up. It was this boy who created the family whistle whose distinctive melody was to be so useful in college days.

The next home belonged to Grandpa Francis at 205 So. Prairie Ave. (now Menard). The numbers have since been changed and the house made into a duplex. Grandpa Francis had left a number of his pictures to embellish the house. Mary put up with them. They were unique. On the principle of the diorama he had built up against a painted background quaint landscapes made of sticks and stones and moss and whatever bits would serve his purposes. Perhaps it would be a snow scene properly

white and sparkling with Christmas snow, or a wooded road with the tree trunks and a log cabin built of twigs in the round. One scene was painted with a famous 'black snow' of years before, a tenacious grey black paint supplied from a winter heaven, perhaps volcanic dust from the great explosion of Kracatowa. Mr. Francis lived in the next house with his daughter and worked among the herbs and flowers in the yard. Eleanor writes, "There was a beautiful shiny-leaved myrtle willow that figured greatly in our play; also a bench beneath tall lilacs where we sat and listened to Grandpa Francis' yarns and slapped mosquitoes. It was here that I returned after three years in Minneapolis, here I first played croquet and mother played with us."

Beth was a cunning trudger, here, with sturdy legs and a checked gingham pinafore. One day she appeared through the back gate with a pair of kindergarten scissors in her hands and much of her front hair gone. She was still industriously rowing when discovered and taken to her mother. Mary gathered her into her arms, "Oh, you have spoiled my baby". The children stood around thinking something more violent should be indulged in. Mary never was violent. A clap of her hands together with a quick "Jut putt now" was the most that she usually needed to enforce a point. "Jut putt" is Hindustani for "instanter" and they knew she meant it.

Ernest took Mary to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition of 1904 at St. Louis. He was doing hack writing for the Keystone View Company producing the travalogues on the backs of the stereoscope pictures that one looked at through a binocular frame in that premovie era. They were to be guests of the company. The children could get along very well during their absence but the severest punishment that an older child was allowed to give a younger one was "Thumping" which consisted of thumping with a thimble on the finger.

Among the presents brought back from St. Louis was one for Jesse, a cereal bowl patterned around its border with a lovely wreath of wild roses, to him "the first great event of the century"; and writing in middle age about it he says, "Christmas time never comes around for my son but I think that in having so much, he is missing a lot".

On Betty's fourth birthday Ernest took the family to the Zoo. A picnic was a birthday custom, for on Eleanor's fourth birthday she inspired Ernest to write,

"Missy, Missy, Mama's daughter
Slipped and slid into the water.
Didn't float like Noah's Ark
But got well soaked in Garfield Park."

It was a long ride by trolley car from Austin to Lincoln Park. As the conductor collected the fares, seeing, of course, Ernest's clerical collar, he asked if the seven assorted children were a Sunday School Class. Betty was delighted with the 'Big Kitties'. Ernest chuckled over the Chimpanzee looking at itself in a mirror. Darwin, he thought, had not selected too complimentary an origin for man. The children were quite impressed by the green 'hills' in the park. Chicago is so utterly flat that the slopes and mounds of the park seemed hills to them.

This trip to the Zoo was later outshone by a trip with Uncle Mac. (James McCausland) who was visiting from Boston and took the nine members of the family and himself for tenth, to the "White City" an Amusement Park. Here some of the children saw their first 'movie'. In a darkened railroad car with a thumping of air brakes, they saw views taken in Africa from a moving train. Giraffes and hartebeeste bounded away as the train approached. The illusion was complete. That car was moving through Africa.

As for Uncle Mac, at every turn it was ten bags of popcorn, ten rides on this and ten on that and, at the end, ten dinners at a downtown restaurant.

He carried it through grandly, mopping his brow as he went. Mary could not help a little mental arithmetic.

Ernest, on a missionary visit to a Gypsy camp near what is now Cicero, took Rex with him. The boy's polite yet profound interest in Queenie, a white rat with beautiful pink eyes, and her mongrel sons, Prince and Duke, was rewarded by the Gypsy's gift of all three in their cage. What pride and joy Rex took in his pets. What consternation was felt by Mary when grey wild rats foregathered at Queenie's cage. After two or three half-caste litters had been destroyed, a family conclave decided that Queenie must go. With a heavy heart the small boy took his pets several blocks to the woods and turned them loose.

The archives of Chicago will record what year Mayor Thompson first ran for that office. One blushes to think that the family helped to put him in. Thompson was heralded by the newspaper to which the family subscribed as a reform mayor. They believed the propaganda. Ernest, who got around, was not of their opinion as they saw when he got them together to illustrate the ways of democracy. He had them sit in the parlor and told them that ours is a representative government, and that it fell upon him to represent the family. He wanted instructions as to the majority opinion among the Bells. Even the smallest children joined the argument and he was outvoted. He faithfully followed instructions and voted for the man who was not his candidate. Mary was not then, nor later, much interested in woman suffrage. She said it would merely double the vote, but Ernest was for it.

The Austin Presbyterian Church, an attractive stone neighborhood church, was close by. The older children had started in the Methodist Church beyond the hazard of the tracks, but changed to the nearer church which became a most important part of the family life. Mary was later the much

loved chairman of the missionary society. The children were in Sunday School, in the choir, and other activities, and eventually, all joined the church. Though there were several homes in the ensuing years, they were all within walking distance of the church,

Dr. Robert Beattie was not only the family's pastor for many years but served long on the board of Ernest's Nigh Church and became its president.

Jesse writes "There could, of course, be pages on Austin Church. Its auditorium ceiling was a cone upward, to glass ventilating windows, painted, set in a hexagon in the center. Naturally the space above was useless, but a little door led the way into it and a small boy could squeeze through and on one occasion I climbed (on the plaster and lathe!) to the top; mistook the painted glass for something firmer, started to walk on it, and how I saved myself from falling the hideous distance down to the pews I don't know! The falling glass, and the time until it crashed below are still nightmare material." Long afterwards Mary would cringe when she looked up there but she said little.

From the time the children were tiny Mary gathered them around her after supper and sang hymns. First, she had a little reed organ, then an old square piano and finally a good upright. She read from the Bible, one summer it was the stories of David, and then each child could select a hymn to sing. "Save your breath an evening blessing", "Jesus like a shepherd lead us", "Day is dying in the West", and "I love to tell the story" were often sung. They were sweet quiet times.

Each child had a song which he called his. On one occasion the hymn was "What a friend we have in Jesus". All the voices carried the song joyfully to the end and unknown to them the next door neighbor Mr. Fitzgerald was dying while his sister and niece sat grieving by his bed.

"Have we trials and temptations
 Is there trouble any where
 We should never be discouraged
 Take it to the Lord in prayer."

The words came floating in through the windows and carried such a message of comfort to them that they told Mary about it. Ernest arranged prayers for morning and evening ritual as follows:

Morning Prayers

"God be merciful unto us and bless us
 And cause His face to shine upon us
 That Thy way may be known upon earth
 Thy saving help among all nations.
 O satisfy us in the morning with Thy mercy
 That we may rejoice and be glad all our days
 Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast
 afflicted us
 And the years wherein we have seen evil
 Let thy work appear unto Thy servants
 And Thy glory upon their children
 And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us
 And establish Thou the work of our hands upon us
 Yea, the work of our hands establish Thou it.
 Bless our kindred and our neighbors and our friends
 Keep us back from sinning against Thee
 Lead us gently in the right way and do for us
 Great things and mighty, exceeding abundantly
 Above all that we ask or think, according to the
 Power that worketh in us. Open the windows of
 Heaven and pour us out a blessing and give us room
 To receive it.

Evening Prayers

O God make clean our hearts within us
 And fill us with the Holy Ghost.
 Pour out thy spirit upon all thy ministers
 And upon the churches of Thy love
 And as Thou hast promised upon all flesh
 And take away the sins of the world.
 Save, Lord, the heathen and the Moslem and the Jews
 And make the church glorious for Jesus' sake
 Bless the president and the king and queen and the viceroy
 And all rulers and governors and all nations
 And give to us peace in our time, O Lord
 Lighten our darkness we beseech Thee, O Lord
 And by Thy great mercy defend us
 From all perils and dangers of this night
 For the love of thine only Son, Our Lord and Saviour,
 Jesus Christ. Amen.

In 1904 Ernest began his great work of reform in Chicago for which see the biography by his daughter.

After three years in the Francis house the family moved to 215 (now 257) 53 St., a roomy house near the High School and with a series of vacant lots across the street which furnished tennis court and baseball field and a spot for the boys' cave. In front were good trees and in the back yard a Balm of Gilead tree, a garden plot, and, until it was removed, a small barn, long bereft of livestock. It here developed that Jesse, born in Chicago and arrived at the age of eight years, had never seen a cow. He had seen lions and tigers and elephants in the zoo but not cows nor pigs. An expedition was arranged over to the railroad and watch kept for the long cattle cars to go by. Mary encouraged the growing of carrots in the garden patch, the boys so enjoyed pulling and eating them with only a hasty wipeoff. Clare's rock garden by the fence bloomed deep and long with nasturtiums.

The nasturtiums were in full bloom when the Levanders came to visit. They had come on Ernest's invitation. As a minister he had been asked to see a woman in the hospital who had tried to commit suicide. She was one of those seasonal widows whose husband, a Jewish tailor, deserted her through the slack season, but came back in the busy season and provided her with a new baby. With the last pregnancy she had rebelled but had been brought back to this troubled world. Ernest thought a normal home and a green yard might do her good. She arrived with three children. Heine, a little pig but healthy, Edith aged two and a dream of loveliness with milk white skin, long lashes and titian red silken hair, and third a small baby. They were fairly well dressed on arrival but the clothes were evidently the combined garments of the neighborhood and the outer layers were almost immediately laid aside for the return journey to be restored

in good order. It was Sunday. The children hoped that the neighbors were not observant. The high board fence made the back yard fairly private. Heine made for the nasturtiums and yanked at them vigorously. Clare gently explained about her pretty flowers and how to handle them softly. Heine was oblivious. His mother sat serenely holding the gold and white Edith, a perfect Madonna picture her soft light brown hair parted in the middle above a brow that showed too much suffering but her face was fair and sweet and shapely. "Heine", the madonna said, "Heine, you stop that, the lady she keel you". "Oh", said Mary, "I wouldn't say that". "Heine", rasped the madonna, "Heine, I keel you." Heine was deflected from the nasturtiums. Ernest came down and greeted the guests as he left for his evening's preaching. Eagerly Mrs. Levander announced that she would go with him. Smiling he brought out his little black purse and gave her car-fare home. That was it. Mrs. Levander beamed and settled to Mary's supper. For several years Mrs. Levander repeated her call on the hottest day of the summer, the sort of day in Chicago when with the shades drawn and sitting quietly reading the Sunday School papers, the Sunday dresses stuck to the varnish of the chairs.

Ernest's strangers from the byways added many a picturesque note to the family life. There was Abraham the Persian who became a nuisance but left a prayer rug in final appreciation. There was Moses Penn whose stories were more picturesque than verifiable. He said he had played the organ in Bombay cathedral and that the cobras had come out and swayed to his music. He said he belonged to the Jewish colony that had been in India for milleniums. He gathered that Ernest wanted the truth for when he brought out "a magic bowl of Benares" he explained it first, which was too bad as it made excellent hocus pocus which no one would have believed. It had a black inner chamber with a small air hole. If one's finger were on the hole

no water would leave the inner chamber. The bowl could thus be turned upside down and "all" the water poured out. Then hands could be waved "to restore the water" and more water actually be poured forth. When Moses Penn played the piano the ends of his fingers turned up. Why did that seem creepy?

In contrast to Moses was Mr. Jordan who arrived in a very foreign white turban and long grey prince Albert coat. He had black fine textured skin, aryan features, an intelligent eye and a gentle rich voice. He was a gentleman in every fibre. He quoted Browning with simplicity and feeling and he told the children how he had first eaten ice cream. He had followed a crowd on the street in Calcutta that was buying strange cones of food from a vender and when they ate they had the most astonishing expressions on their faces. He bought but went where he could not be seen to eat it. He too was astonished for he had never experienced such coldness before. Mary approved of Mr. Jordan.

There was Mr. Schindler, a German Jew of some culture who had heard Ernest preaching and thought him crazy but soon realized he knew what he was talking about and so had remained to help. He brought Mary a water lily big and beautiful with its long stem curled around inside the hat he carried in his hand.

Mary took all these visitors graciously. After all she was a missionary and they appreciated her.

Perhaps the most astonishing visitation came one summer when Mary was not well and was directing her household of nine from her bed. Then Vesta and Harman and their six children arrived on furlough from Japan making a family of seventeen. Rooms in the neighborhood were rented for overflow. The large table in the big kitchen was extensible and here eight or nine of the youngest ate, with an equal number of oldsters in the dining room.

One day Vesta had guests for dinner. She said she would help with the meal, but, being fresh from Japan and servants, she stood in the center of the kitchen and said, "You do This and you do That", while Clare needed not direction but plain manual assistance. When the two tables were served, the dishes washed and the floor mopped, it was time for the next meal. It had not been a difficult menu. It was Mary's summer standby in nasturtium colors with a big bowl of nasturtiums on the table, a hardboiled egg ring in the center of each slice of beef loaf, scalloped potatoes, buttered carrots, tomato salad, the good home made bread and finally lemon pie. The red orange and yellow really was festive.

This was the age when the boys had bottomless stomachs. For breakfast Grandmother's old iron kettle (that now hangs in the Daniels' cabin fireplace) bubbled with three quarts of oatmeal or cornmeal mush and all of it was eaten. Curry was a favorite dish and its mustard colored gravy flowed over huge and repeated bowls of rice. Baked beans disappeared from heaped plates. Once when the furnace was going Mary prepared a big pot of beans to bake and sent Eleanor and cousin Susan to place them on the rim of the furnace box. Years later in Detroit Sue reminded Eleanor that nobody knew they had spilled the beans in the ashes but scooped them up and set them baking. At least if Mary knew she did not think it necessary to discuss it.

Jesse writes "Do you remember the six weeks siege Rex and I had with scarlet fever in 1908, Rex first, I a week later coming in an ambulance proud as punch and scared witless, being carried in through rows of admiring neighbor kids, mother in the doorway smiling, dressed in starched white.... and then Father against orders, cautiously sticking his head in the doorway of the big double front bedroom to say "hello", or to hand in two red bananas.... and the clandestine arrival with scores of horrific, lurid,

adventure stories in paper covers, of Rex's pal Dick by way of the tree in the front of the house, and the window, ... stories so lurid that I had a nightmare, fell from bed in a leap and ripped my back on a trunk latch, bearing the scar to this day... and Mother hastening in to lie with me and comfort me, regardless of the danger of infection, and wondering because the books were hidden from her... and at the end, Rex and I trying to hasten our release by Dr. Hood's permission by means of pen knives on our too-slow peeling foot soles."

Jesse was a boy scout and Betty a campfire girl. Warren's Woods were not far away where there were fields full of wild strawberries and daisies. That wild stretch is now Columbus Park and the flat prairie that stretched so far on each side of Austin is now built up.

In 1909 Mary lost a fine big baby boy. After her severe experience at Beth's birth she went to Battle Creek when the baby, whom the children had already named Malcom, was due. The Sanitarium was zealous with light treatments. In one she fainted and the baby ceased to stir and was born dead. Ernest's record in the family Bible was in a very shaky hand.

The children grew. They always did excellently in school. They went through the Robert Emmett elementary school and the Austin High School. Miss Spohr, fourth grade teacher, was a great bird lover and took her pupils on early morning bird excursions, and helped them find red-starts, rosebreasted grosbeaks, the numerous varieties of warblers, vireos, all the hundred kinds of birds that enrich the shade trees and parks of Chicago. The two Smith sisters with their nice appreciation of literature and their clever teaching of usage and style in seventh grade and early High School delighted in the children as they came along. Florence M. Walker, a gifted and scholarly English teacher had all the children over a period of years and singled several of them out for more intimate training in her "Story Club".

Rex was a charter member, and looks back on the bi-monthly meetings with enthusiasm and gratitude, both for the social intimacy and for the training in critical thinking and writing received. Eleanor and Harold followed in Club membership. Beth wrote for the school magazine.

The interests of the children were varied. Rex was president of his class, played baseball on varsity nine, was editor of the school magazine, played basketball, was manager of a debate squad and sang with a high school male double quartette. Harold played basketball till he injured his eye. One day Harold staggered in to Mary. "What day is it?" he asked her dazedly. She quieted him and got him to bed but knew that something serious was wrong. In a fracas over opinions about fraternities the retina had been torn loose. The injury eventually cost him his eye.

From the time he was twelve Rex earned his own clothes and incidentals. He had a paper route, which took him out one early Sunday morning heavily laden at 12° below zero. He aided in the manufacture, in an old man's barn, of round machine belts, a treadle job that later developed Harold's and Jesse's leg muscles also. Saturday mornings Rex did those heavier household tasks that so often fall to students. It was not till years later that Mary found that scrubbing floors had been a humiliation to him. When he was old enough to go out a little in the evening, Mary found herself restless till he returned. One evening, sitting on the porch in the dusk, she became more and more concerned. Suddenly she got up, went into the house and to bed, "Do I want him to come home and find me fretting because I fear he is up to something? I must show him I have faith in him." Rex recalls with a smile climbing up the porch to get into his room late and reaching to put up the blind to find mother putting it up from within.

One night when Eleanor had been out later than the stipulated ten o'clock, she was greeted by father's voice, "What time is it?". Quickly

she answered, "Only plenty past ten". He was mollified, till Eleanor had to boast about her good joke next day. No nights out for a while.

Saturday mornings the house was a hive of industry. Each child had an appointed task. Even the littlest got under the dining table to dust the legs. Rex remembers kneading the dough when he was so small that the high bread pan had to be placed on the floor and he kneeled beside it to 'do his stuff'. Clare made bread from the time she was nine until Eleanor took over. Eleanor boasts that at thirteen she made thirteen loaves of bread twice a week. When things went a little crossways with the children Mary could count on Rex to do some monkey shines to start a laugh. He did the Charlie Chaplin walk before it appeared in the movies. And it always made Mary laugh. Her ejaculation of amused disgust, a word which she must have coined herself, was "O Pouce" which also brought a laugh. It is so lightly inane a word.

Mary was invited to join the Three O'clock Club in the early 1900's and found it her main social life for many years. The club was a reading group of able women who discussed books over their tea.

From 1904 to the war were the years of Ernest's great activity in social reform. His financial support was better during this period but a man working largely at night does not fit into a family schedule. To his work Mary could contribute only advice. "It's a man's problem and it is the men you must reach", she said. But it took of her patience and courage for she knew that the dangers to his life were real and that some morning they might bring him home dead. Once they spread lies in large letters across one of the sensational newspapers. It was for her to carry on with the children.

When Olive finished High School in Minneapolis, she went to Oberlin College, Alma Mater of Uncle Edwin and Aunt Sarah Slater with whom she

lived. Clare, Rex, and Eleanor followed her there. Harold, however, chose the University of Illinois because he wanted a course in business administration and also because he was tired of being "younger brother".

Jesse chose Amherst College. Beth took a post graduate secretarial course in High School and went into a secretarial position.

The college years continued to be busy ones for Mary. Letters kept her informed of incipient love affairs; of new friends; of decisions made about courses or fraternities; of social and athletic activities; of vacation guests to be prepared for. Home was headquarters for visits from friends, roommates, cousins. Through it all "Mary Mother" as Rex and Harold called her, was the fixed unchanging center of love and strength.

In 1913, when Olive graduated from Oberlin College, Mary went for the occasion and then journeyed on to New England to visit her brother, Rev. Jerome Greer whom she had not seen for 23 years. He was located in a lovely Connecticut town where they could have sea foods and picnics on the shore.

In 1915 Clare graduated from Oberlin and Ernest was given the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity at the hundredth anniversary of Allegheny College. Mary went to Clare's commencement and then on to Allegheny and was very proud of Ernest in the colorful academic procession, and they enjoyed college memories together.

New Year's Sunday, 1915, was the last time that the family was all together. The young people were back for College vacations, Olive came down from teaching in Minnesota. Aunt Frances married her second husband, Rev. George Trever, on January 2, and everyone provided jollification for the event. For the New Year's morning communion service, they all filed into church. One pew wouldn't hold all nine. Some of the boys went into the pew behind. Ernest and Mary were full of quiet pride, as all of the

family participated in the communion together. One woman in the audience had told Mary how much she envied her her wonderful family. Mary was grateful. She said so often people just felt pity that she had so many. Today there were only happy memories and pride. On the way home father said, "Now lets all go to a photographer and have our picture taken." The family demurred. "We may never be together again", he said, and we never were. We objected because we had memories of the last group with its wooden inagos, but even the wooden images are precious now. How we should like that group of young people!

It was twenty-five years before all were together again and then there were husbands and wives and grandchildren and Father and Betty were gone.

When Aunt Frances married again and went to Atlanta, Georgia, Grandma came to live with Mary, or rather Uncle Chauncey bought a house for his mother, and Mary and her family went there to care for her. She was sixty eight years old and ill with tuberculosis so that special arrangements were made in the house for her, and Mary's intelligent technique kept any contagion from the family through the four remaining years of Grandma's life. Mary Anne Stevens Bell had a lively and loyal spirit to the last.

This new home was 219 No. Mason Ave. which is two blocks from the line between Austin and Oak Park. For five years this was a busy home. Chicago is so central to all travel that always there were relatives going through and young people coming and going to college, to jobs, to war, to weddings. It was a three story house and Mary found herself very weary climbing stairs.

The coming of war brought marriages long contemplated to culmination on short notice. For the marriage of her first daughter Mary was summoned

to Minneapolis and spent one busy week working on Olive's trousseau, making dainty things by hand and helping with wedding plans. Ernest came to officiate and stood, in his doctor's gown, beside Dr. Dewey at the front of beautiful Plymouth Church. As his firstborn came down the aisle in a mist of white, looking, he said, like an angel, emotion held his voice and for a moment he could not speak, then conducted the ceremony that joined Olive and Farrington, 15 Sept. 1917. Four months later Ernest and Mary again went to Minneapolis where in Aunt Sarah Slater's home Ernest conducted the ceremony that united Rex and Florence 31 Jan. 1918. Rex adds "Most beautiful wedding I have ever seen let alone participated in. (Father marvelously gifted in that sort of thing.)" It was 27 Aug. 1918 that Paul had unexpected leave from military camp and another quickly arranged wedding took place this time in Mary's living room at 219 No. Mason, with Paul in military uniform and Paul's father conducting the ceremony, Ernest offering the prayer.

In the war service Mary had three sons, two sons-in-law, several nephews and a brother-in-law. She said she felt like Abraham offering up Isaac, and hoped that God would "show a better way", than this sacrifice of sons.

She took a several weeks course in Red Cross nursing and won her certificate. She did some knitting.

For the birth of her first grandchild Mary went to Worcester, Massachusetts (where she had visited as a girl in 1884) to be with her daughter Olive. Farrington was first Lieutenant in chemical warfare service at a gas mask factory near Boston so when the time came to go to the hospital Mary helped her daughter into the cab in the middle of the night, "Is it a contagious case?" asked the cabman. "Oh, no", said Mary, "An obstetrical case." This didn't seem to enlighten the driver.

"A baby case", explained Mary. The driver subsided.

But the hospital was full of contagion, the terrible Flu epidemic of 1918. No visitors were allowed in the obstetrical ward and Mary and Farrington stood outside the windows to view the new baby from the yard. Mary's experience with contagion probably saved Olive's life at this time. Farrington came home from the laboratory with a terrible "cold" caught from the common gas mask used in experiments. This was before the baby had arrived and he wanted to spare Olive contagion though he did not know it was Flu nor that Flu and childbirth were a usually fatal combination at the time, so his own isolation and Mary's nursing and technique prevented Olive's having Flu. But Betty at home in Chicago had Flu without Mary's care and never entirely recovered from its effects.

After Grandma's death Mary felt she could not keep up the big house and in 1920 it was sold. For a time the now small family was in an apartment at 22 So. Parkside. Here Jesse returned from overseas without notice of his time of arrival and all eager for mother's cooking found corned beef hash for supper. Here Olive's daughter, Florence, was born. As they were moving to Madison from Washington, D.C., and Farrington had to remain in Washington till the last minute, Olive stopped off with her mother. It became necessary to go to the hospital on Sunday evening. A taxi was telephoned for but none was available. Company after company had none to send. Everyone in Chicago seemed to be out riding on Sunday evening. For some reason, for a few months, Mary had been trying a nickel phone to see if it were cheaper. Betty kept traveling to the drug store to get more nickels. Finally Mary walked to a nearby garage and with determined efficiency made it clear that her daughter had to have transportation at once. A private car was offered, which fortunately arrived at the hospital in time. Mary was in the delivery room when Florence arrived.

The following summer, while Mary was visiting in Minneapolis, it was decided that she must wait no longer for an extensive repair operation. Ten years later a goitre operation was necessary. Both were severe experiences but produced very good results in restored health.

These ten years were hard years. All efforts at finding health for Betty proved unavailing. She could never get enough strength to permanently pursue her professional desires. Probably the progress of science has already reduced knowledge that would have saved her. Mary was in California with Beth when Ernest was taken with his long final illness. Clare writes, "The evening prayers were almost father's last words. He and Mother and I said them together before he lapsed into the final coma before his death. Then, he said, so tiredly, "Come, now, let's go home." I'll never forget how tenderly Mother stooped over and kissed the poor anguished face and soothed him as she used to sooth us when we were ill, nor how radiant her face was thru the tears when he did win release and "go home". He died in 1928 and Betty followed in 1929. In writing to a daughter Mary said, "The first forty years are the hardest but not the saddest".

California then became Mary's home. At times with Rex and Florence, at times in her own little vine-covered cottage nearby. In Palo Alto Mary was leader of a Sunday School Class of older women, president of the W.C.T.U. and of the misionary society, and enjoyed her friends in the Presbyterian Church. In 1937-8 all of her children but the most distant one visited her in Palo Alto.

In June, 1940, fifty years after her graduation from college and fifty years after her marriage which had founded the family, there was held "THE REUNION OF THE GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC BELL FAMILY" as Harold put it, and a total of twenty of her children, their spouses and children arrived to celebrate the occasion.

THE REUNION

The reunion was initiated by Nancy Williams and Miriam Daniels (age 15) when Miriam was visiting Nancy in Detroit. It was a propitious time because Rex and his wife were to be on leave of absence from Stanford and doing special work in Chicago and Grandma (Mary Greer) Bell was to be with Eleanor in Detroit for the winter, and David in the Graduate School of Economics at Harvard. Thus all the family, except Barbara who was at Pomona College in California, would be in the eastern half of the United States. With an invitation from Olive spread by means of the round robin letter and special notices from Florence (Boise) Bell every one was eventually lined up for the great event and the date set for June 12-17, 1940, at the Daniels cabin, D6, at Jacksonport, on the shore of Lake Michigan in Door County, Wisconsin. In June, groups came from New Jersey, Harvard College, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, California, Minneapolis and Madison; and for good measure, Cousin Isabelle McCausland from Kobe College, Japan, dropped in for a brief stay.

The two adjoining cabins were rented, to provide sufficient space. Around these three cabins for a thousand feet is only woods and the lake.

All cooking was to be done in the Daniels' kitchen dining room known as the "Piggery". Every meal, every item on the menu, every grocery order was arranged beforehand. Florence (Boise Bell) came up from Chicago to Madison to help Olive arrange them. Olive wrote the detailed order for each day to 'Fritz Carnody' the grocer at Jacksonport. This greasing of the wheels made the machinery quite noiseless when the time arrived and big and sumptuous meals cooked by the committee of the hour came off with smooth success. Arrangements were cooperative and duties were assigned to a different committee for each meal and each dishwashing.

The weather was also pre-arranged and stayed clear and delightful though a little cooler than desired.

The only drawback was that Eleanor could not be present, recovery from a thyroidectomy had proved too slow.

The first to arrive were the youngest members of the family, Philip and Mary Anne Bell of Kansas City, aged $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$ years. Miriam Daniels acted as guide up from Madison and Harold and Anne as chauffeur parents, etc. They were established in the Hastings cabin when the next car arrived with the Daniels. Then the New Jersey car arrived by way of Detroit where Jess, Marion and Greer had picked up Grandma and brought her across Lake Michigan. They had been properly installed in the Walker Cottage and introduced to the broad white sand beach and even taken on a picnic to the high and beautiful bluffs of the State Park and were cozily eating baked and stuffed lake trout when Clare arrived with cousin Isabelle after a momentous trip from Minneapolis, momentous because it was the first long trip she had ever taken in her new Ford car, and Clare's learning to drive had been a slow process fully discussed in the round robin letter. There were loud cheers when she and Isabelle appeared.

The next car to arrive was quite an achievement for in it were David Bell from Harvard on the Atlantic coast, Barbara Bell from Pomona on the Pacific Coast who had raced to arrive at the reunion and, of course, their proud parents Rex and Florence from Chicago.

The scurry of breakfast was on next morning and everyone was saying "Good Morning" including Paul and Nancy. Suddenly it dawned that Paul and Nancy were present without having arrived. Having crossed the Lake late, they had stayed at a hotel so as not to disturb the crowd and so turned up for breakfast. Everyone missed Eleanor but appreciated her fine delegates.

Except for Eleanor whom she had just seen, Mary now had all her family

about her, three sons and their wives, two sons-in-law, and two daughters and ten grandchildren as follows:

Mary Greer Bell

Olive and Farrington Daniels, Farrington Jr., Florence, Miriam, Dorin Daniels

Clare E. Bell

Rex and Florence (Boise) Bell, David, Barbara Bell

(Eleanor absent) and Paul Williams, Nancy Williams

Harold and Anne (Brackett) Bell, Philip, Mary Anne Bell

Jesse and Marion (Smith) Bell, Greer Bell

Isabelle McCausland

Friday night all twenty-two of them sat down to a gorgeous dinner of baked ham and all the trimmings which Florence had brought up from Chicago. There was an L-shaped table lighted with candles and set with place cards indicating who were Bells and who were the Bellringers, which generation they belonged to or their order of acquisition. The ham, pineapple rings, sweet potatoes, hominy, fresh asparagus, pickles, jelly, buttered rolls, coffee, cheese and cherry pie all melted in hungry mouths. Rex carved and Mary sat at the head with her sons and daughters beside her and was supremely happy and moved, though gay and seemingly carefree. All the songs that sang of Bells were sung. Jingle Bells, White Coral Bells, and finally "The Bells of St. Mary's".

The Bells of St. Mary's at sweet eventide
Shall call me beloved to come to your side
And out in the valley in sound of the sea
I know you'll be waiting, yes waiting for me.
The bells of St. Mary's, Oh hear they are calling
The young loves, the true loves who come from the sea
And so, my beloved, when red leaves are falling
The love bells shall ring out for you and me.

This was beautifully sung for some of the children, Nancy and Miriam, David and Barbara and Greer as well as their Uncles and Aunts were good singers. Its sweet tune and appropriate words brought the tears. For a time sentiment was avoided, but after the grand dinner was over the family sat around the fireplace in Walker's cottage for two hours and sang. Then they sang Mary to bed and walked on the dark beach. But they returned to the loggery and sang for another hour.

By day the bright sun on the wide white beach was delightful. The lake was cold but the hardier went swimming. Beach golf and baseball kept some busy and Philip and Mary Anne had tin pails and shovels. They eyed their father and the big boys dashing into the clear waves. The family was variously grouped about Mary's chair watching the activities when the little tots suddenly ran toward the lake and dashed in to the water, both stumbled, went under and thrashed blindly not able to right themselves. Olive, in a bathing suit, ran for them, but faster than she could go, Farrington, Sr. dashed past her on one side and Anne on the other and siezed a baby and encrged shoes and clothes dripping but a child held high. There was a moment of awe as all realized how few moments might have been serious, then the little folks were bundled up to get warm and their daddy, coming in from the water, said cheerfully, "Well, did you get your heads wet?", and Philip said thoughtfully, "Daddy, why did the Lake do that to me?"

The woods were starry with dainty little woods flowers, trientalis and maianthemum and clintonia and some trillium past their prime. Harold dressed in his sport coatibus stripes verticalis said 'for himself he preferred streptococcus flowers. This was probably because he was still fussed from his unaccustomed ordeal of having to cook breakfast. It had frightened him badly. A trip was taken to the wild flower sanctuary with

its great variety of wild blossoms; arctic primrose, greenland iris, fringed polygala, bunch berry, violets, yellow lady slippers, ramshorn, ladyslipper, etc.

The days were too brief and too few. Each tried to visit with each, Marion and Anne had never met before.

But Paul and Nancy with Isabelle had to leave on Saturday night and on Sunday morning, Farrington, Jr. had to leave for his graduation from the University in Madison and Florence and Farrington, Sr. went with him.

Such a feeling of emptiness as they all left but there was still a fine group and a picnic in the warm sun on the rocky shore by the Cana Island Light House proved one of the nice occasions of the reunion.

Mary was not feeling very well on Monday morning, which was not surprising. After breakfast, from her bed she bid the Harold Bells good journey to Minneapolis, and the Rex Bells as they started away, Rex to Stanford and the rest to Boston where David had a summer job. Jesse stayed a day longer to make the parting less abrupt. Mary spent the day in bed and when Jesse was to leave on Tuesday morning lead a quiet devotional from her couch. How small a family Mary and Clare and Olive, Miriam and Dorin seemed after all the wonderful bustle of reunion. What a fine family they all were. Three generations to be proud of, and what happy memories they all had of the days together at the cabin!

Mary took a little time to recover from her difficulty, a slight vascular occlusion in the circulatory system of the head but some restful days at the cabin and in Madison accomplished it and after a month, accompanied by Clare, she went back to her beloved California to a little house next to Rex's.

SUPPLEMENT

Part I

DESCENDENTS OF JOHN (son of Valentine) AND SARAH ELLIOT GREER

- I Descendents of Rev. James Greer
- II Descendents of Isaac Greer
- III Descendents of Plympton Greer
- IV Descendents of Hamilton Greer
- V Descendents of Vesta Matilda Greer Leet
- VI Descendents of Alonzo Greer

I Descendents of Rev. James Greer

- I Rev. James Greer (Son of John and Sarah Elliot Greer)

b. 16 Dec. 1823 at Limaville, Stark Co., Ohio
d. 18 June 1874 at Akron, Ohio
m.l) 26 Mar. 1854 Cornelia Tubbs
child

1. EMMA CORNELIA GREER

b. 16 Oct. 1857 at West Farmington; Ohio
d. 25 June 1905 at Worcester, Mass.
bür. at Rock Creek, Ohio
m. 10 Mar. 1880 at Willoughby, Ohio
James Fenton McCausland (son of Alexander and Sara
Sylphina Howard McCausland of Rock Creek, O.)
Superintendent of John H. Pray and Sons Co. (Rugs)
of Boston, Mass.

children

8. (Sarah) Isabelle McCausland

b. 25 Apr. 1881 at Rock Creek, Ohio.
educated in Normal Training School, Buffalo, N.Y.
Business College Worcester, Mass. and Post Graduate
in London School of Economics, Eng. Received L.H.D.
from Beloit College, Wisconsin for outstanding
international service.

Taught kindergarten in Buffalo, eight years.
Settlement work, Neighborhood House and Welcome Hall,
Buffalo. Taught English 1919-20 Men's College in
Tokio, Japan. 1920-1940 Professor of Social Science at
Kobe College for Women, Kobe, Japan; resigned Apr. 1940.
Editor 2 years Japan Christian Quarterly
Now at home Oak Hill Road, Southboro, Mass.

9. Howard Greer McCausland, Interior Decorator

b. 20 Mar. 1884 at Worcester, Mass.
m. 25 Dec. 1909 Alice Burnell (dau. Thomas and Jinnie
Lyman Burnell)
res. Buffalo and Rochester, N.Y. now retired
Southboro, Mass.
child

33. James Fenton McCausland II

b. 20 June 1916 at Buffalo, N.Y.
m. 1938 at Boston, Mass. Mary Ober
child

65. Alice Isabelle McCausland

b. 9 May, 1939 at Beverley, Mass.

10. Vesta Olive McCausland
 b. 17 Jan. 1886
 d. of diphtheria 1893 at Hyde Park, Mass.
 bur. Rock Creek, Ohio

11. (James) Paul McCausland
 b. 10 Aug. 1888
 d. 1924 at Laconia, N.Y.
 bur. Laconia, N.Y.

12. Neva Cornelia McCausland
 b. July 1890
 d. of diphtheria 1893 at Hyde Park, Mass.
 bur. Rock Creek, Ohio.

m.2) 10 Mar. 1860 Olive Sarah Jerome (dau. Asahel and Lavina Sabin Jerome)
 children

2. SARAH LAVINA GREER
 b. 14 Apr. 1861 at West Farmington, Ohio
 m. 31 Oct. 1888 Edwin S. Slater (son of Wm. and Caroline Pope Slater of Cherokee, Ia.)

Edwin Samuel Slater

Wm. Von Schlieder, coming as a boy with liberals who fled from Germany, anglicized his name to Slater, married Caroline Pope, born in 1822 near Rochester, N.Y., daughter of Samuel Pope. Here his eldest son Edwin was b. 6 Sept. 1856. Within a few years the family moved, by prairie schooner, to Brandon, Wisconsin, and from thence, about 1876, to Cherokee, Iowa. Here Edwin worked through his youth on the development of the fine farm. At twenty one he felt free to seek his own education. He went to Oberlin, hurried through the Academy, took college in three years, wore the high silk hat and flowing mustaches of the seniors of that day, and graduated in 1883. He first saw Sarah in a class room in Old French Hall. He did not merely see her, he comprehended her in some profound awareness of significance and beauty. He did not win her readily but before he graduated they were engaged, to be married in five years. A friend wagered a black silk dress that the engagement could not survive so long. The black silk was bestowed, however, and they were married 31 Oct. 1888.

On graduating from Oberlin, Edwin went to Minneapolis, Minnesota and studied Law in the office of Cross, Hicks and Carlton and was admitted to the Bar in 1884. For three years he was in partnership with Alexander McCune but from 1887-1930 he practiced alone. His office was in the Guaranty Loan Bldg. Though a man of unusual muscular power and vitality, he always worked beyond the limits of his strength. There was the stress of building up his own practice. In addition he gave unsparing hours to widows and orphans, the dependent aged, and the legal work of religious and social bodies. His civic interests required patient laborious service and no man in the community rendered greater service than he. He was often chosen for

investigations and reports requiring real work and his findings were always expressed with such openmindedness that they were safe to follow. The committees and boards of the Civic and Commerce Association, the Y.W.C.A., The Alumni Council of Oberlin, the Church Building Society, The Children's Protective Society, Plymouth Church, Pillsbury House Settlement were as much a part of his life as his own private business. Among the first in the city he saw the possibility of federated financial support for the charities, was on the committee which made the study, and patiently aided in guiding the project to its successful outcome. When it was an actuality, he gave many years of hard and often thankless labor to solving the problems presented in budgeting these funds. In 1905 with Harlan F. Roberts he was instrumental in bringing about the establishment of a juvenile court system in Minneapolis.

In 1913 Oberlin College bestowed on him an honorary degree in recognition of his outstanding service.

Edwin and Sarah had been married forty two years when he died 8 January 1930. Theirs' was a union of strong devoted and mutually cooperative natures. The gracious home which they shared with many was the contribution of both. It is remarkable that although it was largely Sarah's relatives that lived in the home his hospitality and sacrifice were as generously given as hers.

Sarah Greer earned her way through college by teaching school, sometimes in the summer, sometimes by dropping out of college a term. The Dean of Women and professor of fine arts was Madame Johnston, a woman of keen intellect and outstanding influence. Upon Sarah's graduation from Oberlin in 1884 Madame Johnston inquired if Sarah would be interested in being her assistant with a view to preparing to be her successor. Sarah had to tell of her engagement but was impressed with the fact that she had been thought worthy to follow in a great lady's footsteps.

Sarah became principal of Wellington, Ohio, High School.

In Minneapolis after her marriage she was President of the Y.W.C.A. and guided the organization through its first building program. She was a member of the Tourist Club on the Board of the Travelers' Aid, member of Plymouth Congregational Church, etc. With Edwin she joined the Monday Club, an able group of men and women who for more than two generations have met at the homes of the members and presented original papers, current affairs and literary topics and maintained a high order of performance. At eighty years Sarah is still contributing excellent papers.

Sarah had one child, Marion, born 19 November 1889. In 1894 Olive was borrowed and the two girls grew up together. In 1894 Edwin and Sarah built a summer home at Orono Point on Lake Minnetonka. Edwin commuted by train to his office while Marion

and Olive spent unforgettable barefoot summers and Sarah expanded her hospitality sometimes to its limits. After Grandma (Caroline Pope) Slater came to live with her son the lake cottage had to be given up, a real loss to the children and Sarah. In the year 1900 the house at 1900 Kenwood Parkway was purchased, a home which for forty years was the center of the Greer Family. It is no wonder that Marion exclaimed, "My, I'm glad I'm not an only child" for the house was filled with a succession of nieces and nephews. Olive Bell was there from the age of three until she was married, a virtual daughter of the family. Eleanor Bell was with Auntie from her sixth to her ninth year and again in her teens. Most of the Peebles, Janes, Susan, Alonzo, Harriet, Edwin and Olive were there for months or a year or two. Ruth Slater, Edwin's only niece, was at 1900 Kenwood Parkway for various periods and Frank Greer's son, Joe (Jerome) Greer was there from his fifth year until he was grown. Rex Bell was there one summer and was married in Auntie's parlor, and Clare came after she was teaching in Minneapolis and spent twenty years under Auntie's roof. Statistically speaking, perhaps seventy years of nieces and nephews were sheltered by Uncle and Auntie's generous hospitality. Then, too, Sarah's sisters Mary and Vesta and Edwin's brother, Bert, came for operations and Sarah saw them through their convalescence.

For many years Edwin wanted an auto. All his associates had cars long since, but he could not maintain so large a family nor help young people through college and have an auto too. He was a grandfather sometime before he purchased a car.

There was a certain unfailing dignity about their home. Sarah never appeared in negligee, nor did others. Breakfast was always a regular meal; there was no bickering nor banter. Many have memories of a dozen at her dinner table, Edwin at one end of the long linen cloth, carving a leg of lamb, Sarah behind the silver teapot at the other end. The books, the music, the conversations were of quality or of larger import. Children were delighted in and treated as equals, but they also conducted themselves with dignity. Yet the spirit was not one of formality. There was a genuine sense of comfort and of welcome. And Sarah and Edwin took all the kindly interest of a mother and a father in all young people who came in any way to them.

Following Edwin's death, Sarah continued to fill her home with younger people, partly from choice that her familiar service of hospitality go on, partly from necessity, since the depression of 1929 greatly reduced the comfortable amount that Edwin had left in trust for her. It is remarkable that at eighty she looks as she has looked for forty years and that she is carrying on her home as she has always done.

Though not always well, she has always been strong with an inherent vitality of body and mind, a genuine largeness of body, mind and purpose that puts her in a class above most of

us. Her generosity of heart has flowed out around all the interests of her large family. Her daughter Marion and her four grandsons are especially dear to her but she is "Grandma Slater" to a manifold second generation of her "children".

13. Marion Slater

b. 19 Nov. 1889 at Minneapolis, Minnesota

B.A. Oberlin College 1911

Phi Alpha Phi Literary Society

Graduate work at University of Minnesota

Gamma Phi Beta Sorority

Minneapolis School of Business 1914

Taught Mathematics at Iberia, Missouri, 1911-12

at Hudson, Wisconsin 1913-14

Secretary to Edwin S. Slater, attorney 1914-15

m. 8 Sept. 1915 at Minneapolis

Harold Judson Leonard, son of Dr. Leon Donham
and Mary Judson Leonard of Minneapolis

Doctor Dental Surgery, Minnesota Dental School 1912

B.A. University of Minnesota 1915

Teacher Dental Pathology, Univ. Minn. 1912-27

Prof. " " Marquette Univ., Milwaukee 1928

Prof. Dental Pathology at Columbia Dental College
New York City 1927 - present.

Practicing Dentistry at 1 E. 57th St., N.Y.

Member Am. Academy of Periodontia; First District
Dental Society of N.Y. A.D.A.

Res. 10 Parkway Drive, Pelham, N.Y.

children

34. Edwin Slater Leonard

b. 21 Jan. 1917 at Minneapolis, Minn.

Attended Columbia College, N.Y. 2 yrs.

Engaged in business with Altman's Department
Store, White Plains, New York.

35. Judson Greer Leonard

b. 11 July, 1918 at Minneapolis

B.A. Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, 1941

36. William Francis Leonard

b. 19 Apr. 1920 at Minneapolis, Minn.

Attending Oberlin College

37. Robert Donham Leonard

b. 10 Jan. 1924 at Minneapolis, Minn.

In High School, Pelham, N.Y.

3. REV. JEROME GREER
 b. 21 Feb. 1863 at Mercer, Pennsylvania
 educated Allegheny College
 Nebraska Wesleyan University A.B. 1891
 Boston University School of Theology S.T.B. 1895
 ordained into Methodist Ministry 1896.
 Served in New England Southern Conference 1893-1930
 Pastorates at Hanover (New Bedford; Cannonville and Rockdale)
 At Dighton and Stoughton, Mass.
 East Greenwich and Centerville in Rhode Island
 Norwich Town and North Main St., Niantic, Mystic
 Thompsonville and Gales's Ferry in Conn.
 m. 8 Mar. 1899 Winifred Sears, daughter of Joseph E. and Sarah
 Sears of Dighton, Mass.
 children

14. (Gertrude) Sarah Greer
 b. 1 July 1902 at Stoughton, Mass.
 educated Yale School of Music Mus.B.
 occupation Secretary to Director, Institute of Human
 Relations, Yale University
 Address: 216 Bishop Street, New Haven, Conn.

15. Rev. James Emery Greer
 b. 12 Feb. 1904 at East Greenwich, R.I.
 educated Connecticut Wesleyan
 Boston Univ. School of Religious Education
 Boston Univ. School of Theology
 Joined New England So. Conf. Methodist Ch.
 Served Millville, Pascoag, So. Manchester (Asst.)
 Hull, Bristol and Portsmouth,
 Little Compton and Portsmouth
 The Little Compton Congregational and Methodist
 Churches United and he is now serving the
 United Cong. Church at Little Compton, R.I.
 m. 24 Aug. 1925 Jacqueline Pearl Stocking, dau. of
 Marvin and Pearl Stocking
 children
 38. James Emery Greer, Jr.
 38a. Janet Ann Greer (adpt)

16. Ruth Marion Greer
 b. 18 Mar. 1908 at Norwich Town, Conn.
 educated New Eng. Conservatory of Music, Organ Major
 Boston Univ. School of Religious Education
 m. 11 June 1938 at Dighton, Mass. Jason C. McKown
 son of Jason C. and Maud McKown
 children
 39. Robert Allen McKown
 b. 6 Sept. 1939 at Malden, Mass.

4. VESTA OLIVE GREER

b. 31 Mar. 1865 at Newcastle, Pa.
 m. 5 July 1893 at Minneapolis, Minn., Rev. Harman Van Slyke Peeke,
 son of Alonzo Paige and Deborah (Provost) Peeke
 Missionary under Reformed Church of America (Dutch)
 to Japan 1893-1928.

Educated; Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. 1885-1886
 Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. 1886-1887

Taught; Peking University, Peking, China. 1887-1890
 Nebraska Wesleyan University, Lincoln, Nebraska 1891-2
 Meiji Gakuin University, Tokyo, Japan. 1920-1928

children

17. James Wilkes Peeke (Capt. Nat. Guards Minn.)

b. 7 May 1894 at Nagasaki, Japan

educated; Park College, Parkville, Mo.

m. 26 Aug. 1922 at Redwood Falls, Minnesota, Wilma
 Florence Ashford, dau. of Genio Baily and Mary
 (Stephenson) Ashford.

children

40. Jean Frances Peeke

b. 20 Sept. 1924 at Minneapolis, Minn.

41. Patricia Ashford Peeke

b. 25 Jan. 1926 at Minneapolis, Minn.

18. Raymond Greer Peeke Lt. Col. U.S. Army Reserves

b. 29 Oct. 1895 at Nagasaki, Japan

educated Park College, Parkville, Mo. 1912-1917

m. 29 Sept. 1927 at Centerville, Mich., Ruth Marie
 Bolender, dau. of Clyde and Carrie (Wagner) Bollender

child

42. Eleanor Vesta Caroline Peeke

b. 28 Oct. 1923 at Kansas City, Mo.

19. Susan Van Vleck Peeke

b. 22 Aug. 1898 at Unzen, Japan

educated Park College, Parkville, Mo. 1914-1921

Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, O.

m. June 1927 at Thompsonville, Conn., Dr. Warren B.
 Cooksey, son of Walter A. and Nellie (Anderson)
 Cooksey.

Res. 19510 Stratford Road, Detroit, Michigan

children

43. Norton Jerome Cooksey

b. 28 Jan. 1928 at Detroit, Mich.

44. Mary Sue Cooksey

b. 9 Mar. 1931 at Detroit, Mich.

45. Barbara Anne Cooksey

b. 13 Aug. 1939 at Detroit, Mich.

20. Dr. Alonzo Provost Peeke

b. 19 July, 1901, at Kagoshima, Japan

educated Shanghai American School 1914-1915

Park College, Parkville, Mo. 1915-1924

University of Minnesota Medical School

M.B. 1927; M.D. 1929

Fellow American College of Surgeons 1938
 m. 24 Nov. 1932 at Eureka Springs, Ark., Roma Barlow
 dau. of J. Roy and Emily Barlow
 children

- 46. Cheryl Peeke
 b. 18 Oct. 1935 at Volga, So.Dak.
- 47. Caroline Greer Peeke
 b. 18 Jan. 1938 at Volga, So.Dak.
- 48. Mary Rebecca Peeke
 b. 7 Oct. 1939, at Volga, So.Dak.

21. Harriet Lansing Peeke
 b. 24 Jan. 1904 at Saga, Japan
 educated Park College, Parkville, Mo. B.A. 1924
 Chicago University M.A. English 1828
 University of Minnesota summer 1927
 Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. 1928
 m. 28 Nov. 1928 at Ithaca, N.Y. Myron Gould Pawley,
 son of Raymond and Bina (Gould) Pawley
 Prof. of Geophysics, Colorado School of Mines
 Res. Golden, Colorado
 children

- 49. Anna Marie Pawley
 b. 9 Dec. 1930 at Denver, Colorado
- 50. Richard Gould Pawley
 b. 10 June 1934 at Denver, Colorado

22. Edwin Slater Peeke
 b. 4 Jan. 1906 at Saga, Japan
 educated Tokyo American School
 Battle Creek, Mich. High School
 Mac Allister College, St. Paul 1924-1927
 University of Minnesota 1927-1928
 University of Detroit, Mich., B.S. 1930
 University of Southern Calif., Med. 1930-1931
 Stanford University Med. School M.D. 1937
 Edwin, over six feet in height, suffered an attack of
 infantile paralysis in his early teens but
 successfully completed his training for
 medicine and is practicing in California.
 m. 23 May 1936 at San Francisco, Calif., Helen Fredrica
 Turner, dau. of Frederick Emile and Lula
 Marshall (Wakefield) Turner.
 children

- 51. Harman Van Slyck Peeke II
 b. 19 Dec. 1937 at San Francisco, Calif.

23. Olive Jerome Peeke
 b. 8 June 1909 at Battle Creek, Mich.
 educated at Tokyo American School
 Park College, Parkville, Mo. 1927-29
 Hope College, Holland, Mich. 1929-31
 m. 5 Sept. 1935, at Tarry town, N.Y., Raymond Pawley, Jr.
 son of Raymond and Bina (Gould) Pawley
 children

- 52. Martin Greer Pawley
 b. 1 Jan. 1940

5. MARY ELLIOT GREER

b. 16 Dec. 1867 at Painesville, O.
 educated Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. 1885-1886
 Nebraska Wesleyan University, Lincoln, Neb. Ph.B. 1890
 m. 17 Sept. 1890 at Lincoln, Neb. Rev. Ernest A. Bell, son
 of Jonadab and Mary Ann (Stevens) Bell
 children

24. (Miriam) Olive Bell

b. 20 July 1891 at Oxford, England
 educated Oberlin College, Oberlin, O. B.A. 1913
 m. 15 Sept. 1917 at Minneapolis, Minn., Farrington Daniels
 son of Franc B. and Florence (Farrington) Daniels
 of Minneapolis.

children

53. Farrington Daniels, Jr.

b. 29 Sept. 1918 at Worcester, Mass.
 educated University of Wis. B.A. 1940
 Medical School

54. Florence Mary Daniels

b. 15 Aug. 1920 at Chicago, Ill.
 educated University of Wis. B.A. 1941

55. Miriam Olive Daniels

b. 10 Aug. 1924 at Madison, Wis.

56. Dorin Slater Daniels

b. 23 Sept. 1927 at Madison, Wis.

25. Clare Ernestine Bell

b. 8 Nov. 1892 at Madras, India.
 educated Oberlin College, B.A. 1915

Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill. M.A. 1940
 Teacher and Guidance Director Central High School,
 Minneapolis.

26. Reginald Bell

b. 31 Jan. 1894 at Jubbulpore, India
 educated Oberlin College, Oberlin, O. B.A. 1916
 Stanford University, Calif. M.A. 1926
 Ph.D. 1933

Prof. of Education Psychology, Stanford University, Calif.
 m. 31 Jan. 1918 at Minneapolis, Minn. Florence Marion
 Boise, dau. of Watson Elliott and Grace (Pomeroy) Boise
 children

57. David Elliott Bell

b. 20 Jan. 1919 at Jamestown, So. Dak.
 educated Pomona College, Calif. B.A. 1939
 Harvard University

58. Barbara Jane Bell

b. 3 May 1921 at Aberdeen, So. Dak.
 educated Pomona College, Calif. B.A. 1941

10

27. Eleanor Bell b. 19 Aug. 1895 at St. Joseph, Mo.
educated Chicago School of Business 1911-1912
Oberlin College 1914-1916
m. 27 Aug. 1918 at Chicago, Ill. Paul Deming Williams
son of Harry Taft and Bertha (Deming) Williams
child:
59. Nancy Claré Williams
b. 16 Nov. 1924 at Chicago, Ill.

28. Harold Philip Bell
b. 20 Nov. 1897 at Chicago, Ill.
educated University of Illinois B.S. 1920
Southern Sales Manager, Larabee Flour Mills Co.,
Kansas City, Mo.
m. 27 Feb. 1935 at Minneapolis, Minn. Anne Dibble Brackett
dau. Chapin Russell and Mary (Dibble) Brackett
children
60. Philip Brackett Bell
b. 1 Nov. 1936 at Kansas City, Mo.
61. Mary Anne Bell
b. 25 Oct. 1937 at Kansas City, Mo.

29. Jesse Greer Bell
b. 11 May, 1900 at Austin, Chicago, Ill.
educated Amherst College, Mass. B.A. 1922
Publicity, New Jersey Bell Telephone Co., Newark, N.J.
m. 27 Sept. 1924 at East Orange, N.J. Marion Eleanor
Smith, dau. Edgar Sanford and Amelia (Rademann) Smith
child
62. (Jesse) Greer Bell, Jr.
b. 1 Aug. 1928 at Orange, N.J.

30. (Frances) Elizabeth Bell
b. 16 July 1901 at Maywood, Ill.
d. 5 Aug. 1929, bur. at Forest Home cemetery, Chicago.
Bell Family
(see also pp. 33-41, Descendents of John Bell or
Supplement, Part IV)

6. JOHN KINGSLEY GREER
b. 19 Jan. 1870 at Ravenna, O.
d. 18 Sept. 1918 at Gates Mills, O.
m. 7 Feb. 1900 Dora Covert, dau. Wm. and Eugene Bennett Covert
child
31. Paul Kingsley Greer
b. 30 July 1907 at Gates Mills, O.

7. FRANK SABIN GREER
b. 4 Feb. 1873 at Ravenna, O.
m. 1) 1904 Agnes Flynn
child
32. Jerome Greer
b. 5 Mar. 1905 at Minneapolis, Minn.
m. 25 Aug. 1927 Marie Dennise Lessard
children
33. Frank Sabin Greer II
b. 22 Nov. 1928 at Detroit, Mich.
34. Jane Agnes Greer
b. 22 Sept. 1933 at Rainier, Minn.
m. 2) 5 Nov. 1909 Alice Konniston

II. DESCENDENTS OF ISAAC GREER

II. ISAAC GREER (son of John and Sarah (Elliot) Greer)

b. 16 Aug. 1829 at Limnville, Ohio

d. 1888 at Waukon, Iowa

m. 28 Mar. 1855 Ancivilia Hatch of Mesopotamia, Ohio

Isaac was a school teacher and contractor for well digging.
He was buried with Masonic honors.

Children

Edwin A. Greer

b. 1857

m. 23 Nov. 1880 Flora M. Deckerval

children

1 boy died at birth

Estella b. 1882 d. 1895

Leander Greer

b. 1861

m. 16 Mar. 1887 Maud Stanley Price

daū. Fred and Alice (Logan) Price, b. 1869 Lansing, Ia.
children

Horace Calkins Greer

b. 14 July 1891 Clinton, Ia.

m. Sept. 14, 1910 Eileen Merriman

children

Ralph Stanley Greer 1912

Harold Chandler Greer 1915

Jean Merriman Greer 1916

Bess Greer

b. 13 July 1888 at Davenport, Ia.

m. Charles Amery Stewart 1906

Vesta Greer

b. 23 Sept. 1873

m. Leonard A. Howe

one child lived three weeks

Vesta died at its birth.

III. DESCENDENTS OF PLYMPTON ELLIOT GREER

III. PLYMPTON ELLIOT GREER (son of John and Sarah (Elliot) Greer)

b. 19 Nov. 1831 Linaville, O.

d. 7 Feb. 1903 Shenandoah, Iowa

Plympton was named for Rev. B.O. Plympton, intimate friend of the family. Plympton Greer taught school, was in 2nd Iowa Infantry under Col. Kinsman. Was first across enemy lines at Big Black River Bridge, Miss., May 17, 1863, and was in other engagements along Miss. He was appt: Sergeant at arms at Des Moines during a session of legislature.

m. 14 Sept. 1854 Elizabeth Anne Nelson (1833-1923) of Champion, Ohio
children

John Edwin Greer

Sarah Aylia Greer 2 June, 1857

m. 25 Sept. 1883 I.F. Douglas

children - Emma Douglas, Plympton Douglas, Elizabeth Louise
Carrie Ida Greer Douglas

b. 30 Mar. 1860; d. Aug. 1911; m. 4 July 1879 Louis E. Parker
child - Emily Parker - Res. Ames, Iowa.

William Kinsman Greer

b. 22 Sept. 1862

m. 23 Oct. 1895 Clara Todd

children

Vesta Emily Greer - b. 2 Aug. 1896 - m. 24 Aug. 1918 Lee Fish
children

Elizabeth Frances Fish, deceased

Barbara Jane Fish 1921

Catherine Lee Fish 1923

Margaret Joice Fish 1924

Marie Greer - b. 4 June, 1901 - m. 9 June 1925 Dewitt Smith

children - Geraldine Marie Smith 1926

Louise Ann Smith 1927

Isaac Hamilton Greer

b. 18 Nov. 1870 - d. June 1920, Seattle, Wash.

m. 26 Nov. 1902 Ella Clinton

children - Lorena Greer - b. Oct. 1907; Loretta Greer, deceased.

Emily Alta Greer

b. 10 June, 1873

m. 26 Jan. 1899 to S.M. Holladay - Res. Shenandoah, Iowa
children

William Theodore Holladay - b. 16 Nov. 1900

m. 24 June, 1925 Ruby Armstrong

Leslie Holladay - b. 18 Dec. 1904

Wendell Holladay - b. 7 July 1907

IV. DESCENDENTS OF HAMILTON GREER

IV. HAMILTON GREER (son of John and Sarah Elliot Greer)

b. 9 Feb. 1834

d. 1910 at Yankton, S. Dak., bur. W. Farmington, O.

m. 26 Aug. 1860 Louisa Josephine Green (1839-18820

a descendent of Gen Nath. Green; and graduate W. Reserve Seminary Hamilton was in the 45th Ohio Regiment, and with Sherman on March to the sea. He was a teacher. He went to Howard Co., Iowa where he was county surveyor for a time. Removed to S. Dak.

ch

children

Lena Greer

b. 12 Aug. 1861 - Res. 1526 10th St., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Ralph Chase Greer

b. 15 Dec. 1868

m. 11 Oct. 1898 Lena Estelle Hitchcock

child

Leslie Howard Greer

b. 24 Aug. 1901 - radio operator S.S. Roosevelt

Ross Elliott Greer

b. 6 Aug. 1870

m. 21 Jan. 1905 Agnes Cronkleton

Res. 1105 S. 6th St., Sioux Falls, S.Dak.

child

Ross Richard Greer

b. 1919 adpt. infancy

Ray Leland Greer

b. 16 Aug. 1873 - Lives in Alberta, Can.

m. 1 May, 1901 Esther Bushnell, she d. 1916

children

Curtis Marvin Greer 1903

Florence Ila Greer 1906

John Wesley Greer

b. 26 Nov. 1877

d. 9 Aug. 1924

m. 26 July 1906 Margarita Christaus who came from Minden, West Phalin at twelve years of age

children

Vernon Wesley Greer b. 25 June 1907

m. 1935 Martha Anderson

Roy Cecil Greer b. 8 Feb. 1909

m. 1927 Ruth Dahl Arlene Ruth 1929

Roy Wesley 1934

Fred. Francis Greer b. 2 Jan. 1912

m. Lorena Weeks

child

Anna Jean 1934

Harold Hamilton Greer b. 12 June 1914

m. 1923 Bernilla Derby

child

Robert Donald 1934

Waldron Leland Greer b. 30 Apr. 1917 - d. 1918

Lester Elliot Greer b. 20 May 1919

V. DESCENDENTS OF VESTA MATILDA GREER LEET

V. VESTA MATILDA GREER (dau. John and Sarah Elliot Greer)

b. 4 Mar. 1844 at Limaville, O.
d. 20 July 1932 after 17 years in a wheel chair.
m. Nov. 1. 1864 Rodney D. Leet, descendant of Gov. Wm. Leet of Conn.
Veteran Civil War - Co. D. 2nd O. Vol. Cavalry; d. Conneautville, Pa.
1888

Vesta was graduate of Western Reserve Seminary and instructor of music
and drawing in that institution.

children

Zoe Leet

b. 22 June 1867 at Conneautville, Pa.
m. Wm. Klumph 20 Nov. 1909; he died 15 Apr. 1929

Zoe is manager of Eastern Star Home for Aged Women at Bellvue,
near Pittsburg, Pa.

The history of the Greers owes much to her effort. From her
mother and from correspondence she obtained much of the data
here presented.

Don Stone Leet, D.D.S.

b. 11 Mar. 1871 at Conneautville, Pa.
m. 1) 14 Jan. 1897 Edith Westenberg Griffith
b. 1875 Halmstadt, Sweden; d. 1910, Pittsburg
m. 2) 14 May 1914 Ada Ronig

b. 1882, dau. Milton and Mary Ronig of Tuscarawas, O.

Don Leet is a graduate of Univ. of Pittsburg and a practicing
dentist in that city. A son.

children by 1st wife

Rodney Griffith, b. 9 Feb. 1898; m. Dorothy Kelly

children:

Don Rodney Leet 1919

Eleanor Louise Leet 1921

Vesta Matilda Leet 1927

Jerry Leet b. May d. Aug. 1929

Julia Lorette Leet

b. 1901 m. 1918 Harold Packard of Springfield, Mass.

children

Harold Arthur Packard 1919

Edith Lorette Packard 1920

Ralph Dwight Packard 1923

Grace Marilyn Packard 1924

Frances Elaine Packard 1927

Melba Leet

b. 3 June 1905

m. 16 Sept. 1933 Wm. B. Shattuck; b. 1907, Brazil, Ind.

Melba a graduate of Columbia Univ.; lives in New York

child by 2nd wife

June Vesta Leet

b. 29 June 1918

Graduate of Ohio State University, 1940

Teacher 1940-41.

VI. DESCENDENTS OF ALONZO WILLIAM GREER

VI. ALONZO WILLIAM GREER (son of John and Sarah Elliot Greer)

b. 19 July 1848 at Limaville, O.
d. 26 July 1929 at Akron, O., bur. Masonic honors
m.1) Marinda Wood Sept. 1868. She died 1880
m.2) Sarah Wormald

Alonzo at fifteen entered 171st Ohio Vol. Inf. April 1864 when Morgan's raids caused an emergency. First sent to guard prisoners at Johnson's Island, they were called into active service but surrounded and 700 were Morgan's prisoners for a day. He was a farmer at West Farmington, O.

Children by 1st wife

Grace b. d. 1881
Blanche b. 29 Oct. 1874 m.1) Louis Carlson 1893
m.2) Vil Curtis 1908

Res. Denver, Colo.

Iva Bell b. 20 Feb. 1877 m.1) Arthur Johnson
m.2) Perry Kever
Res. Turnsburg, O.

Child by 2nd wife

(Verma) Mae b. 15 Jan. 1882 lives in Akron and has held a very responsible position with the Firestone Rubber Co. for many years. (Cashier since founding of the Co.)

Part II

Descendents of George (son of Valentine) and Sarah (Lee) Greer

GEORGE GREER (son of Valentine)

b. 2 May 1799 in Baltimore, Maryland
d. 18 Feb. 1896 at 97 yrs., 9 mo. 16 days

bür. Benedict, Nebraska

m. Sarah Lee d. 30 Nov. 1877 at 74 yrs., 7 mos. 16 days
children

Mary Greer unm. d. in Carrie Nations Home, Kansas City

Alexander Greer d. in California in days of gold rush, probably
robbed and poisoned.

George M. Greer

b. 1 Mar. 1834

d. 10 Dec. 1887 at McCool Junction - bur. Benedict
child

Nettie Greer m. Louis P. Wentz, Cleveland, Ohio
Martha E. Greer

b. 9 Apr. 1837

d. 16 Nov. 1898

m. Samuel M. Conneaghey (1821-1897)

both bur. Benedict, Neb., no child.

Sarah Anna Greer

b. 15 Dec. 1835

d. 15 May 1909

m. 1860 Thomas Smith (1828-1896); Res. Claflin, Neb.
children

Willard S. Smith (1860-1861)

Ocie C. Smith b. 26 July 1863

m. 1894 Wm. Jones (1849-1924)

res. Wichita, Kansas

children

Eva Lydia, 1896; m. B.F. Ely

Mabel Anna Jones (1897-1904)

Martha L. Smith b. 13 Jan. 1867

m. 1888 Jesse Clark (son of Wm. and Mary)

children

Floyd J. Clark 1889, Everett H. Clark 1891; Nora 1892

m. Shonkweiler; Elsie (1895-1918) Bessie (1897-8)

Florence 1898 m. Loren Hampton, children Marjorie, Marie,

Barbara Hampton

Flavius Smith, dentist, b. 4 June 1869; d. 1927

m. Nellie Robinson

children

Geo. Smith, 1902; Dorothy Smith 1905

Dillie A. Smith

m. 1900 Ulysses Hardten

children

Vera M. 1901; Paul S. Hardten, 1905

William H. Greer

b. 25 Mar. 1839 at Carrollton, Ohio

d. 19 Oct. 1918 at Forest Grove, Oregon

Do. D. 80th Ohio Regiment for 3 yrs. in civil war

m. Amanda Gibson who d. 1908

children: Jessie Greer, teacher, Forest Grove, Ore.

Vesta Greer

Walter Greer m. Ida M. Jacobs

children; Vivian Greer d. 1912; Kathleen Greer, unm.

Part III.

Descendents of Elisha and Sally (Crandall) Sabin

- A. Descendents of Elisha Dennison Sabin
- B. Descendents of Lavina Caldwell Sabin Jerome
- C. Descendents of Sabrina Lockwood Sabin Lander
- D. Descendents of Olive Crandall Sabin Gates
- E. Descendents of Nathaniel Crandall Sabin

A. Descendents of Elisha Dennison Sabin (son of Elisha and Sally Crandall Sabin)

- A. Elisha Dennison Sabin
 - b. 16 June 1803 Halifax, Vermont
 - d. Apr. 1887 Onondago Co., N.Y.
 - m. 26 May 1830 Eliza Bacon
 - children
 - George E. Sabin 1834-1890
 - Sarah Sabin 1841-1842

B. Descendents of Lavina Caldwell Sabin Jerome

Lavina Caldwell Sabin (dau. Elisha and Sally Crandall Sabin)

- b. 18 July 1807 Spafford, N.Y.
- d. 20 Apr. 1880 Willoughby, O.
- m. Asahel Jerome
- Res. Orange Hill and Mayfield, Ohio
- children
 - 1. Eliza Ann Jerome b. 1825
 - 2. Olive Sarah Jerome b. 1839
 - 3. Alfred Asahel Jerome b. 1842
 - 4. Horace Fletcher Jerome b. 1846

1. Eliza Ann Jerome

- b. 1825 at Orange Hill, O.
- d. 23 Mar. 1858
- m. Robert Traver (1817-1860)
- children

a) Verlena Traver m. Oscar Jacobs

both bur. Chagrin Falls, O.

children

1) Milan Jacobs b. 1866

m. Linda Whitman

children

Glenn W. Jacobs

Lawrence Gail Jacobs 1897

m. Marie Nichols

child Alice Jeanette Jacobs b. 1925

Mary Storm Jacobs 1901

m. Dale Ditto

children

Roy Ditto, b. 1921; Geraldine Ditto b. 1924

2) Herman Jacobs (1868-1916) m. Elva Collier
 children; Ralph Jacobs
 Gleason Jacobs m. Florence Richman; one son
 Gerald Jacobs m. Marion Newcome; child Betty
 Lou Jacobs
 Oscar Jacobs m. one dau.
 3) Elmer Jacobs (1869-) m. Daisy Blake
 children; Jessie Jacobs m. Jerry Supter
 2 sons, 1 dau.
 Hugh Jacobs m. Alice Kilbourne
 son and dau. twins
 4) Zella Jacobs m. White

b) Maurice R. Traver (1849-1914) Iowa farmer 6'7" tall

m.1) 1872 Carrie Smith (1850-1893)
 children

- Robert (1873-1875)
- Alice (1875-1907) m. 1895 Will Keiser d. 1938
 children Olive, Hazel, Lloyd, Alvin Keiser
- Leo (1877- m. 1905 Rose Beatler
 children Alice, Robert, Cecil, Gladys, Ralph, Garnet,
 Sherley, Leo, Allen.
- Res. Lemon, S.Dak., Banker
- Fred (1878- m. 1900 Hattie Hillier
 children Mildred, Blanche, Myrtle, Howard, Dorothy,
 Donald, Bertha, Robert.
- Res. Manchester, Iowa, farmer.
- Effie (1880- m. Fred Lyman 1906
 children
- Chester, Victor, Artizena, Tommie, Floyd Lyman
- Res. Dayton, Oregon, farmer.
- Ray (1882- m. 1905 Clara Warner
 children; Maurice, Mary.
- Res. Big Timber, Montana, Business
- Vernie (1884- m. 1907 Martha Mensch
 children; 4 boys, 3 girls.
- Res. Toledo, O., Railroad Man
- Roy (1886-1940) m. 1908 Myra Nafus, Railroad Man
 children
- Phea, Grace, Edna, Maxine, Royal.
- Res. Big Timber, Montana, Carpenter.
- May (1888- m. 1907 Lucus Stafford
 Res. Harbor, Oregon, Farmer

m.2) Delia Dennison
 children

Elga	m. Will Robinson	4 children
Clare	m. Altha Jordan	2 children
Earl	m. Alice Pierce	4 children
Mable	m. Larry Pierce	7 children

Maurice Traver thus had 13 children and 56 grandchildren.

c) Walter Traver (1853-1911)

m. Miranda Hoffman
children

John Robert Traver (1877-1912)

Glenn Morris Traver (1880-1901)

Calvin Edward Traver b. 14 Feb. 1882

m.1) 1904 Ethel Grace Knapp

m.2) 1939 Susan Schuering

Res. Wickliff, Ohio

children

Randolph Glenn Traver 1905

John Norton Traver 1908

Mary Margaret Traver 1913

d) Henry Traver

b. 17 Sept. 1843

d. 19 Sept. 1863 at Battle of Chickamauga

2. Olive Sarah Jerome

b. 15 Jan. 1839 at Orange Hill, Ohio

d. 27 May 1891 at Lincoln, Nebraska

bur. Wyeuka Cemetery, Lincoln, Neb.

Res. many years of Willoughby, Ohio

m. 10 Mar. 1860 Rev. James Greer (1823-1874)

children

Sarah Lavina Greer b. 14 Apr. 1861

m. Edwin S. Slater (1856-1930) Lawyer

child Marion Slater

Rev. Jerome Greer b. 21 Feb. 1863

m. 8 Mar. 1899 Winifred Sears

children Sarah, James and Ruth Greer

Vesta Olive Greer b. 31 Mar. 1865

m. 5 July 1893 Rev. Harmon V.S. Peeke

children James, Raymond, Susan, Harriet, Alonzo, Edwin and
Olive Peeke

Mary Elliot Greer b. 16 Dec. 1867

m. 17 Sept. 1890 Rev. Ernest A. Bell

children Olive, Clare, Reginald, Eleanor, Harold, Jesse and
Elizabeth Bell

John Kingsley Greer b. 19 Jan. 1870

d. 18 Sept. 1918

m. 7 Feb. 1900 Dora Covert

child Paul Greer

Frank Sabin Greer b. 4 Feb. 1873

m.1) 1904 Agnes Flynn

child Jerome Greer

m.2) 5 Nov. 1909 Alice Kenniston

For further information on these and their descendants see
pp. 2-10 in the supplement.

3. Alfred Asahel Jerome, farmer
 b. 16 Aug. 1842 at Orange Hill, Ohio
 d. 31 Aug. 1918 at Mayfield, Ohio
 m.1) Hattie Henderson (1847-1868)
 child; Blanche b. 15 Sept. 1868
 d. 30 Oct. 1939
 m. S.W. Catlan

m.2) Ida Eleanor Law (18 Sept. 1852-29 Oct. 1921)
 children
 Hattie Eleanor Jerome
 b. 29 May 1873; m. Harry John Harmon
 Res. Euclid, Ohio
 children
 (Alfred) Jerome Harmon
 b. 31 Oct. 1900
 Olive Harmon
 b. 3 Jan. 1903
 m. 1924 John McCarthy, Tile setter
 children
 John Robert McCarthy 1927
 Richard Harmon McCarthy 1931
 Eleanor Harmon
 b. 11 Dec. 1905
 m. 1927 Harry Knuth, Florist
 children
 Robert Harry Knuth twins
 James Bert Knuth
 b. 4 Feb. 1939
 John Harmon (1907-1915)
 Marilla Harmon
 b. 15 Apr. 1914
 m. 1937 Malcolm White, Deputy Clerk Probate Court
 Cuyahoga Co., Ohio

Henrietta Lavina Jerome
 b. 15 Feb. 1875
 m. Howard O'Halley

Florence Elsie Jerome
 b. 13 Feb. 1880
 d. 4 May 1929
 m. Ray P. Akins

4. Horace Fletcher Jerome, farmer
 b. Sept. 1846 at Orange Hill, Ohio
 d. Feb. 1922 at Painesville, Ohio
 m. c. 1870 Letitia Ordell Lockemer (1851-1917)
 Res. Huntsburg and Hartsgrove, Ohio
 children
 Charles Alfred Jerome, Civil Eng., head of Map Dept.
 Cuyohoga Co. Cleveland
 Res. Cleveland, Ohio
 b. 7 July 1873
 m.1) Laura Cooper, who d. 21 July, 1921
 m.2) 23 July 1922 Euphania Park McCracken who was b. 7 Oct.
 1876

(Horace) Grove Jerome; with American Fork and Hoe Co.

b. 2 Sept. 1882

m. 6 June 1911 Mae Ritter, Massotherapist
Res. Geneva, Ohio
children

Ruth Avis Jerome

b. 22 July 1913

m. 30 Oct. 1935 Paul McNamara
children

Kathleen McNamara b. 21 June 1936

Paula McNamara b. 22 June 1939

Vesta Mae Jerome

b. 10 Sept. 1916

m. 10 Apr. 1937 Walter Stuper

child Walter James Stuper, b. 19 Feb. 1940

C. Descendents of Sabrina Lockwood Sabin Lander

Sabrina Lockwood Sabin (dau. Elisha and Sally Crandall Sabin)

b. 16 Sept. 1810 at Spafford, N.Y.

d. 30 Sept. 1859 at Euclid, Ohio

n. 4 Oct. 1832 at Onandaga, N.Y., John Lander (1808-1864)

children

Elisha W. Lander b. 15 Aug. 1834 in Onandaga, N.Y.

d. 25 Aug. 1856 in Benton, Mich.

Sarah Lavina Lander b. 29 Sept. 1837 at Mayfield, O.

d. 28 Feb. 1905 at Oberlin, O.

n. 16 Mar. 1862 Pearson B. Sorter (1839-1864)

children

Lora A. Sorter b. 20 Dec. 1862

m. George Larash 24 July 1890

child Bernice Larash adpt.

Rena Sabrina Olive Sorter

b. 24 Aug. 1864

d. 28 Apr. 1890, Denver

m. John H. Berry 8 Aug. 1889

Lora J. Lander b. 5 Mar. 1841 at Mayfield, O.

d. 23 Dec. 1856 at Euclid, O.

Olive E. Lander b. 22 Nov. 1844 at Mayfield, O.

d. 11 July 1871 in Brush Creek, Iowa

n. 25 Mar. 1866 William Truesdale

children

William

Sarah, both died in childhood in Iowa

Lewis Gates Lander

b. 1 Mar. 1843 in Mayfield, O.

d. 13 Jan. 1920, Euclid, O.

n. 13 Dec. 1871 Emma Henrietta Foster

children

Jennie Maud Lander b. 1872

m. 1892 Francis W. Whittam

child Floyd Lander Whittam b. 1902

Res. Chagrin Falls, Res. Chagrin Falls, Ohio

m. 1926 Hazel A. Warren

children

Doris Mae 1928; Charlotte Ann 1931

Floyd Gates Lander b. 1880; d. 1901

Bessie Olive Lander b. 1886, Res. Cleveland, Ohio

D. Descendents of Olive Crandall Sabin Gates

Olive Crandall Sabin (dau. Elisha and Sally Crandall Sabin)

b. 18 July 1813 at Spafford, N.Y.

d. 25 Feb. 1875

m. 25 Sept. 1834 Lewis Morehouse Gates (1810-1882)

children

Levi Sabin Gates

b. 20 May 1838 at Mayfield, Ohio

d. Oct. 1898

m. 1860 Mary L. Jones

children

Lewis J. Gates (1861-1925)

m. 1) Louie Roberts

children

James Roberts Gates b. 1887, lawyer

children Mary Gates Ashby, Canada

Lewis J. Gates, Seattle

Catherine F. Gates, Seattle

Levi Sabin Gates b. 1889, civil engineer

Mary Emogene Gates b. 1892, teacher in H.S. Manchester,

Iowa; m. A.S. Beardslee

children

Maryann Margaret Beardslee, b. 28 June 1920

Alan Lewis Beardslee, b. 8 Nov. 1921

m. 2) Agnes Thompson

m. 3) Blanche b. 1872, living 1940

Olive Charity Gates

b. 23 Oct. 1843

d. 12 Jan. 1893

Teacher in Cleveland schools

Annette Morella Gates

b. 19 Dec. 1846

d. 27 Sept. 1876

Principal Willoughby College

Lewis Myron Gates

b. 12 Sept. 1850

d. 23 Apr. 1913

m. 20 Mar. 1877 Elizabeth Heckendorf

b. Baden, Germany, 1849

d. Gates Mills, Ohio 1935

children

Eva June Gates b. 1874

m. 1904 James Cornwall (1865-1938)

Annette Charity Gates b. 1877

m. 1914 Chester Allen Russell (1879-

Louise Morella Gates b. 1884

E. DESCENDENTS OF NATHANIEL CRANDALL SABIN

E. Nathaniel Crandall Sabin (son of Elisha and Sally Crandall Sabin)
 b. 23 Apr. 1819 at Marcellus, N.Y.
 d. 13 March 1892 Delaware Co., Ia.
 Went with parents to Cuyohoga Co., O. 1838. Removed to Delaware Co., Ia. 1869; farmer, Methodist, industrious servicable citizen.

m.1) 1842 Laura Marlett (1825-1852)
 children
 Mary O. Sabin (1843-1866)
 Dennison G. Sabin (1845-1876)
 m. 1871 Carrie Van Dusen
 children: Indie (1874-1877); Thomas (1876-1886)

Hiram W. Sabin (1848-1928)
 m. 1872 Eva Gates
 children
 Charles Sabin 1873 m. Kate Quinn
 children
 Charles 1912, Eva Ellen 1901,
 Katheryn 1907, Lucille 1917
 Res. Gallup, N.M.

Harry D. Sabin(1877-1887)
 Jerome G. Sabin 1878 m. May Carey
 children Hiram, Alva 1905
 Herbert 1906
 Claudia 1912
 Roma May 1916.

Bernie L. Sabin(1881-1912)
 Lewis Leroy Sabin b. 1886, m. Clara Haeberle
 child Betty Lou 1920
 Indian trader near Gallup

Halsey Sabin m. Mary Coombs, 8 children, Res. Greeley, Iowa
 Gladys M. Sabin b. 1896 m. Hubert Phenecie
 children, Huberta 1923, James 1931
 Res. Tuscon, Ariz.

Thomas M. Sabin (1848-1930) Physician at Warren, Ohio
 m. 1878 Effie Page
 children
 Eugene Sabin b. 1881
 Nat. T. Sabin (1887-1939)
 child Thomas Sabin, Res. Hollywood

m.2) 1852 Octavia Dorcas Rudd (1831-1918)
 children
 Herman Jerome Sabin (1853-1930)
 m. 1881 Addie Sheldon, she d. 1931
 child Cora b. 1882 m. Jay S. Burrell
 child Robert Sabin Burrell 1913
 Res. Bird Island, Minn.

Laura O. Sabin (1858-
 m. William Graham
 children
 Allen S. Graham b. 1879 m. Bess Bibbett
 child Natalie Elizabeth Graham, adpt.
 Res. Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Isabelle Graham b. 1835 m. Bascom Mathis
 children Cornelia, Harlan, Allen Mathis
 Res. Florala, Ala.

Willard Clarence Sabin (1861-
 m. 1889 Eliza Fuller
 children
 Myron Sabin d. young
 Clarence Sabin b. 1896 physician Windsor, Colorado
 Alice Sabin b. 1892 m. Irvin Kochler
 Jennie Sabin (1894-1936) m. Harold L. Miller
 children Quintin Harold Miller 1921
 Leslie Volera Miller 1925
 Carl Miller 1935
 Res. St. David, Ariz.
 Mildred Sabin b. 1898 unm.
 Milo Rudd Sabin b. 1900 m. Lucile Ankenny
 children Cullen Milo 1930
 Patricia Dorcas 1929
 Alice Octavia 1934
 Myron Horace Sabin (31 Aug. 1865-
 m. 9 May 1905 Edna Parker Chevalier b. 1874
 child Myron Chevalier b. 20 Oct. 1914
 lives in Washington, D.C.
 Res. Albuquerque, N.M.

Mr. Sabin has been at work for sometime on the history
 of the Sabin Family and has collected much data and
 generously shared it.

Maud Olive Sabin (1870- Indianola, Ia.
 m. Herbert Wright
 children
 Ransom Myron Wright b. 1901 m. Irene Clark
 children:
 Herbert Wright 1929
 Patricia Jean Wright 1928
 Janice Louise Wright 1934
 Res. Mitchell, S.Dak.
 Agnes Maud Wright b. 1906 m. Homer Stone
 children
 Warren Herbert Stone 1921
 Phyllis Marie Stone 1923
 Eleanor Olive and Alice Joan Stone 1930
 Res. Indianola, Iowa.

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